CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 112,000.

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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

THE NEW BLADE Sewing Machine

See Fifth Page.

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Poetry.

FORTY MILES AN HOUR.

She dressed herself, she made her will, she
bade them all good-by,
"I'm eighty years of age," she said, "I fear
I'm goin' to die.
It's a mighty resky bizness and I'm skeered
I won't pull through,
Dear Sandy! I feel so fantified, I skerce know
what I'll do.

"If 'twa'n't my daughter Nancy is ex-
pectin' of me so
I'd stay right home, nor budge an inch; for
people orter know
When one gits old as me, it an't no time to
be a trustin'
Thurselves whur cars can smash up or en-
gines take to bustin'.

"For plain old wagon-ridin' my taste won't
never spile,
Though John gits out the buggy when he
wants to put on style;
But whirlin' through the country at forty
miles an hour
Is tampe'in mighty reckless with God A'-
mighty's power.

"I swan! I've just a mind to give up goin
there at all:
If Nancy wants me, goodness! What a tari-
fyin' squall!
Train comin,' did you say, John? Lord, how
she shakes the yeath!
Son, stand by your old mammy, for the sound
just takes my breath.

"Good-by to all—a long good-by. I know I
shan't live through it.
Whur's all my bun'es? John, how could
you, could you—when you knew it—
Carry me off in this here style, shootin'
through the land?
Sit closer, son, and—don't—you—laugh—but
let me hold your hand.

"I'll shet my eyes, I allus do, when I don't
want to see;
This bein' whirled to Jericho—hit an't no fun
to me.
The whishin' and the whisin', and the roarin'
of the train,
I know I'll hear it always a-bangin' through
my brain.

"I—what? You say we're there? 'Tan't so!
We've shorely only started.
'Tan't more'n half an hour, son John, sence
from our home we parted;
And yet there's Nancy waitin' with the team
beyont the station.
Have we come twenty miles this quick! It
just beats all creation.

"Well, John, I'm glad I'm still alive.
Wonders will never cease,
Yet now I'm here with Nancy my poor mind
won't git to peace
With wond'rin' how I'll ever, ever git back
home agin,
For I know it's all a judgment sent to punish
me for sin." —[Yankee Blade.

TO-MORROW.

"Ah, wait," he cries, "but a little longer,"
The young eyes glowing with holy fire,
"And man through me shall grow purer,
stronger;
My words shall echo, my deeds inspire.
It lifts man's soul from its weight of sorrow:
The Good, the Beauty: I dream and plan;
There comes to-morrow, and then to-mor-
row,
And yet to-morrow, and I a man."

By the cliff whence the waves their gray
gloom borrow
The sweetest of sweet voiced Echoes lay,
And murmured: "To-morrow! To-morrow!
To-morrow!"—
Was there a thrill as of mocking laughter,
Sounding long after,
And dying away?

Ah, swift years speed and his life is Duty;
Ah, the old-time light in the eyes is dead;
"I am faithful still to my dream of Beauty;
To-morrow, to-morrow is mine!" he said.
By the cliff whence the waves their gray
gloom borrow
The sweetest of sweet-voiced Echoes
lay.
And murmured, "To-morrow is mine!
To-morrow!"
Was there a thrill as of mocking
laughter,
Sounding long after,
And dying away?

The swift years speed and the light is fail-
ing;
The dim eyes turn to the misty west;
The white head droops, and he stands be-
wailing;
Earth's wearied, dejected, disheartened
guest:
"Ah! There will be no morrow's greet-
ing;
Of my grand, great Work but the ruined
hall;
Always dreamed, as the years were
fleeting,
"There is yet to-morrow!" The dark night
fell.

By the cliff whence the waves their gray
gloom borrow
The sweetest of sweet-voiced Echoes lay:
"There is yet to-morrow!" she echoed. "To-
morrow!"
Was there a thrill as of tender sadness,
Changing to gladness,
And dying away?
—[Charlotte W. Thurston, in the Overland Monthly.

THE COMING WOMAN.

Have you seen the dainty darling?
Have you met her anywhere?
You should know her by her wisdom
And her independent air.

She can talk in Greek and Latin,
She can speak with fluent grace,
But she doesn't—very often—
Paint her pretty, blooming face.

She can vie with ancient Nestor
When she talks of woman's sphere,
But the way she treats her mother
Seems to me a little queer.

She can write a learned essay,
And your plaster cast can make;
She is college educated,
But she cannot cook a steak.

She presides at public meetings,
And a critic stern is she,
But she never makes an om'let
Or a decent cup of tea.

She can calculate eclipses,
She can reckon in her head,
But she can not and she will not
Sweep a floor or make a bed.

She can charm a man of learning,
And can manage church affairs,
But she has no sort of patience
With the common, household cares.

She will toss her head at marriage,
And will tell of woman's rights,
But you win her love in earnest
And you're sure of home delights.
—[Bell- Waldron in Boston Journal.

Miscellany.

Marshall Wilder's Jests.

Now Comes the Gladsome New Year Resolving on Different Matters—The Use and Beauty of Old Jokes.

(Copyright 1891.)

This being the season of the year for making good resolutions, I've gone into the business myself to my usual extent—that is, I've re-adopted all those of the past few years, and finished by a firm resolve to keep them. Individual resolutions are like those of Congress and other legislative bodies—they're not worth the talk it takes to tell them, unless they're boosted along by a good strong, enacting clause. In this respect they also resemble a donkey—any mention of Congress always brings donkeys to my mind.

I knew a fellow who once resoluted so hard on New Year's day that his wife stopped him; she was afraid that if he kept on there wouldn't be anything left for the Bible to do. After supper he went out, just for a minute, to tell a friend a message he had forgotten. When he reached home, at 3 o'clock in the morning, the whole police force of the village was helping him along, while there was a smell in the air as if a big distillery had exploded.

"Oh, John," moaned his wife, as he spread himself all over the stair carpet, and she held the camphor bottle under his nose, "what's become of all those good resolutions?"

"I've got 'em (hic) all, m' dear," was the reply, "but (hic) they're so young yet that I didn't (hic) like to put 'em (hic) to work."

Another chap who was loaded to the muzzle with good resolutions and bad rum, was doing the figure eight act all over the sidewalk on New Year's night, when a virtuous neighbor met him and remarked:

"My poor friend! On this day of all days, too!"

"Thash all right," said he of the load, extracting a flask from his pocket. "Take a drink?"

"No, I will not; but if you have started this morning with some good resolutions——"

"Oh, thash what you want, ish it? All right, take 'em all. Don't be modest about it, f'r I'll be darned if I can do a blame thing with 'em."

Things aren't as bad that way, though, as they used to be when it was the fashion for a fellow to hurry all day long from one friend's house to another, and make believe he was making New Year's calls. In those good old times a fellow generally put off his resoluting until next day, when he was sure to have a whacking headache to help him. I've known more than one good fellow who said there was nothing like a headache to help a man swear off, and nothing like swearing off to help a man to another big headache; the longer it was put off the bigger it got.

I hope to begin the new year by making people laugh. If I can only make one man laugh, it'll be worth all the work it takes—and it does take an awful lot to make some people's faces break up. It would take a keg of dynamite to get a joke into the heads of some people, and even then you'd have to clinch them on the inside to keep them from getting away before they had got down to business.

I hope also to begin the year with new jokes, though it isn't always a safe venture. To many people jokes are like wines—the older they grow the better they are. I find that jokes are a good deal like tunes—most people enjoy best those they are best acquainted with. I went over to the Good Samaritan Home the other day, to try and make the old folks laugh, and I succeeded gloriously—I never had a more appreciative audience. All the inmates have passed 75 years or more, so I thought they would enjoy listening to some old acquaintances, and I found I was right. One of the yarns I told them was the one about the man who used a wart on the back of his neck for a collar button; 'twas the joke that Noah came on one of his sons when the family was leaving the ark, and the young man had been unable to find the collar-button which he had dropped in his stateroom, the flood having lasted so long that the vessel's supply of candles had run out. Well, the old folks laughed until the tears rolled down their cheeks, but one old gentleman interrupted me by innocently inquiring:

"Wasn't the wart too large to be used that way, Mr. Wilder?

Old people aren't the only ones who like old jokes best, especially if the listeners live in the country. A circus manager once hired a new clown, and as the fellow had been out of employment for a long while, and wanted to show his gratitude to his new employer, he laid himself out to get up a brand-new lot of jokes. They were first rate jokes, too, but when he tried them on the audience, the people were as solemn as if they were taking pills. The manager got up a howling rage and went for the clown, exclaiming:

"Blank blank you, what do you mean by getting up all that stuff?"

"Stuff!" echoed the clown, "I'd like you to understand, sir, that those are all new jokes."

"New jokes be hanged!" roared the manager. "Get right out there and give them all the old chestnuts, or the reputation of this show will be gone forever."

The clown obeyed orders, and within five minutes that show was so full of laugh that the manager was afraid he'd have to put an extension on the tent to hold it all. The old folks saw what was coming each time the clown began, so they had time to let a reef or two out of their faces so as to be ready to laugh when the point came in, while the young people who had been at circuses before looked as expectant as a young fellow or girl at the gate under twilight, waiting for the other to come.

Speaking of circuses and old jokes reminds me of a story which was told twice a day in the ring by that superb showman, Dan Rice, so long ago that it ought to be entirely new to this day and generation. It was first told one Saturday night when the show had reached town so that the performance was running into Sunday morning, and the manager thought he could pay some respect to the character of the day by getting off a moral reflection or two. So, when the clown swore at the trick mule, the manager, who was also ring-master, remarked:

"Stop—stop, sir! Don't curse that mule. Don't you know that God made him?"

"What?" drawled the clown, who was none other than the great and only Dan, himself, and to whom the manager whispered what he was up to, and that Dan must find some gag to wind up with. "Is that so?"

"Certainly, sir. God made that mule, and he made the earth and everything in it."

"What? Made all the people, too?"

"Yes, sir. Made man first, and then woman."

"You don't tell me! Well, making man must have been a big job, but to make woman—that must have been an awful puzzler."

"Puzzler, sir? Why should it have been a puzzler?"

"Why, because."

"Because what, sir?"

"Because it must have been so hard to decide whether to make her a blonde or brunette."

They say that a Scotchman is the hardest being on earth to get into, but the Scotch award the thick-head championship to the English. One of them tells the story of a man who died and went to the place which Universalists say doesn't exist, and there he saw an Englishman sizzling on a red-hot frying pan, and roaring with laughter.

"What are you laughing at?" growled the new arrival. "I don't see anything funny down here."

"Oh, it isn't that," the Englishman replied, after finishing another mirthful roar. "I heard a—ha-ha!—a great joke—ha-ha!—about ten years ago, and the point—ha-ha!—has just come to me."

Here's a Happy New Year to everybody, and wit enough to take a joke before the point is worn out.

Merrily yours,
MARSHALL P. WILDER.

THE N. Y. HERALD.

The Essential Difference.

Clericus—Do you know of any essential difference between a fashionable and an unfashionable church?

Cynicus—Yes; it lies chiefly in the pastor.

Clericus—How so?

Cynicus—Why, the fashionable churches insist on having pastors like their clothes—made to order.

Speaker Crisp is still confined to his bed with the grip. Mrs. Crisp and the two younger children have arrived in Washington, and will remain during the session.

On a Man.

The man who boasts of wicked deeds he's done—
Don't fret about him; it is just his way.
But keep an out for that other one
Who smiles, yet doesn't have a word to say.

An Impossible Loss.

Quester—Do you join in the popular verdict that Lawkit lost his head in the debate last evening?

Jester—Of course not.

Quester—What reason have you for opposing popular opinion?

Jester—A mere disposition to concur with the theory that it is impossible for a man to lose that which he never had.—[Boston Courier.

The Worst Over.

Bulfinch—I understand, Dramaticus, that you are writing a play.

Dramaticus—Yes. I have that honor.

Bulfinch—Got it nearly done?

Dramaticus—Well, yes; the most important part of it. I haven't started on the play itself yet, but I have nearly finished my speech of surprise when I am called out between the acts.—[Boston Courier.

A Hint.

Rosalie—I always like to have a man propose to me.

Barlow—Do you always accept them?

Rosalie—Well, if they propose a theater party I do.

A SOCIAL TRAGEDY.

IN ONE ACT.

Scene I.—Fifth avenue and Twenty-sixth street. Madge and Daisy walking towards Delmonico's. An elderly gentleman approaching from opposite direction.

Madge—"Why, there's old Stuart Meanboy! Wonder if he's going to Del's?"

Daisy—"Don't know; but, any way, just see me get a lunch out of him." (To Mr. Meanboy.) "Oh, how do you do? I am so delighted to see you!"

Mr. Meanboy (shaking hands and

dropping his monocle)—"Ah, Miss Daisy, Miss Sandy; charmed to meet you."

[All stop in front of Delmonico's.]

Mr. M.—"Were you going to lunch here?"

Madge—"We did think of it, but—er—"

Daisy—"Yes, we had thought of it, but—er—"

Mr. M.—"Oh, do come in with me, and let me show you what a good lunch I can order for you."

Daisy (casting a triumphant glance at Madge, as if to say, "I told you so")—"We hardly like to—er—"

Mr. M. (interrupting)—"No trouble at all, my dear young lady, no trouble at all, I assure you."

Scene II.—Madge and Daisy, murmuring thanks, follow him into the restaurant, and seat themselves at table.

Mr. M.—"Waiter, bring me a bill of

fare. Now what will you have first—bouillon?"

Daisy (nudging Madge)—"Don't you think oysters are good things to start with?"

Mr. R.—"Capital! Then bouillon and croquettes."

Daisy (beaming)—"That is a splendid beginning. What afterwards?"

Mr. M.—"Miss Sandy must choose next."

Madge (with a coquettish smile, after searching for an expensive dish)—"Shall it be squab and French pense?"

Mr. M.—"Immense! Nothing more appetizing. You are an epicure, Miss Madge."

[Madge smiles sweetly at him, and kicks Daisy under the table. Daisy returns the kick.]

Daisy—"It is your turn, Mr. Meanboy."

Mr. M.—"How kind of you to rely upon my judgment! but really, Miss Daisy, you must suit yourself."

Daisy (to Madge).—"Is there anything else you would like?"

Madge—"No. I must insist upon Mr. Meanboy choosing a dish. I should feel so badly if he did not."

Mr. M.—"Then let us make it a *terrine*

de fois gras and salad, and finish up with ices and coffee."

The girls (in unison)—"Oh, Mr. Meanboy, you are too thoughtful!"

Mr. M. beams upon them, and suggests champagne as a drink.

Madge—"Oh, how nice! We never thought of that."

Mr. M. orders champagne and rises.

Mr. M.—"Well, I can congratulate myself upon having ordered as good a lunch as you could get anywhere. I'm afraid I shall have to leave now, as I have an engagement to lunch with a fellow at the club at 2 o'clock."

[Exit Mr. M.

Daisy (faintly)—"How much money have you, Madge?"

Madge (dumping contents of her purse out the table, announces, in an agitated undertone).—"One dollar and seventy cents. How much have you?"

Daisy (hopelessly)—"One dollar and ninety."

[They simultaneously seize a menu, and commence adding up the cost of their lunch. At the end of five minutes they gaze dumbly at each other—the total is ten dollars and thirty-five cents. Tableaux—tears.—[M. R. McVickar, in Harper's Monthly.

A Puzzle for Accountants.

A vessel divided into "forty-two thirty-seconds" was discovered at the custom house on Saturday. When the official papers of the schooner H. C. Mousley were being changed from a registered to a coasting craft, forty-two owners were marked on the papers, each owning a thirty-second part of the craft. What to do about the matter puzzled the captain very much, but he left feeling that he had not only the largest vessel under the American flag, but the biggest in the world. The Mousley is owned at Boston.

Much More Important.

Ardent Wooer—And you will meet me, darling, at the entrance to Schenley Park, at 4 o'clock?

Fair One—Impossible dearest.

A. W.—Your flinty-hearted father will prevent it?

F. O.—Not at all. But you know that that is the hour for Puggy's bath, and I must superintend the operation.—[Pittsburg Bulletin.

JUST A SNAKE STORY.

But Baron Munchausen in His Inspired Moments Never Beat It.

Rev. Dr. C. W. Parker, a respected preacher of Bremen, Ga., is the Atlanta *Constitution's* authority for the following tale:

"Dr. I. N. Chaney used to practice medicine in Carrollton. He now keeps a hotel in Bremen. He went to Carrollton the other day in his buggy, and while there traded an old debt for a good horse and started out for Boston in his new buggy, leading his new horse.

"When he was nearing the Little Tallapoosa river bridge at Kingsbury's mill, he suddenly heard a roaring among the trees, which he supposed to be a storm. Looking up the hill, he saw the forest in commotion and the trees falling and bending toward him, and in the midst of it a huge body, which proved to be a snake. The doctor put whip to his horse and was quickly on the bridge. Feeling the buggy jerk, he looked and saw the snake swallow the horse he was leading and plunge into the river just above the bridge, and as the snake poked his head out on the other bank of the stream, his tail upon the side of the hill, his body reached clear across the river.

"The horse, having on new shoes, kicked through the stomach of the snake, and the snake stopped and the stream was dammed, and the water rose and floated the snake to a level with the bridge. The doctor jumped out of the buggy, took out a big knife, and cutting the hole larger where the horse's feet were sticking out of the snake's body, the horse flounced out and mounted the bridge. The doctor secured him to his buggy and drove on, but by this time the water had backed till the horse had to swim the low ground, but they made their escape."

THEY WERE "COMRADES."

How a Restaurant Keeper Was Successfully Worked.

Two men went into a restaurant on Dearborn street last Saturday evening. One was a tall, pock-marked pilgrim, who wore a heavy ulster. The other was a short, heavy-set man with a gold-headed cane and an eye-glass. They took seats at different tables.

The tall man called for a cup of coffee and a doughnut. He ate slowly and not at all like a hungry person.

The other man put his cane carefully down through the back of the chair behind him, inspected the bill of fare and ordered antelope steak, frogs' legs and champagne.

Before he was half done the other man finished his doughnut and coffee, sauntered slowly past him, paid his bill at the cashier's desk and went out.

The fat little man ate his luxurious dinner as if he enjoyed it, and lingered long and lovingly over his champagne.

But at last he finished, picked up his check, gathered up his hat and overcoat and looked for his cane.

It was gone.

Then he strode to the cashier's desk, full of wrath, and asked for the proprietor.

That functionary was summoned and he opened out on him:

"Do you protect your guests, sir, from spoilation and robbery?"

"What have you been robbed of?" inquired the proprietor.

"Of a gold-headed cane, sir—a fine gold-headed cane!" exclaimed the fat little man.

"I am sorry such a thing has happened in my establishment," rejoined the proprietor, "but we are not responsible for the loss of anything of that kind. You can see the notification to that effect by looking at one of the framed signs on the walls."

"Yes, sir," I see them, and the notification is that you are not responsible for hats, overcoats or umbrellas.' I didn't lose any hat, overcoat or umbrella, sir! I lost a gold-headed cane that cost the friends that sent it to me a $10 bill! I demand payment for that cane, sir! Your head waiter saw me come in with it, sir! It's gone!

The raised voice and excited gestures of the indignant guest had begun to attract attention and the owner of the restaurant tried to quiet him, but without effect.

"No, sir!" he shouted. "I don't go out of here without redress, or I'll spend $1,000 in suing this establishment, and I'll carry the case to the highest court in the land!"

"Don't make any further fuss, my friend," said the proprietor, much worried. "What's the amount of your check?"

"It's a beggarly $4."

"Then let's talk business. How will you compromise? I don't think we ought to suffer from your own negligence in losing that cane, but I'll meet you half way. Will you give me that check, take $1 and call it square?"

"Sir, I will. It has cost me $5 to patronize your place, but you have acted like a gentleman, all things considered. Good evening!"

He surrendered his check, picked up the two half dollars the cashier pushed toward him, and went out of the restaurant with the heavy dignity of the man who knew his rights, and, knowing, had dared to maintain them.

As he passed a corner a block and a half away he was joined by a tall, pock-marked pilgrim in a long ulster who handed him a long, slender thing that looked like a goldheaded cane, closed his hand over something in return that looked like a metallic clink, and the two went on down the street in solemn silence.—[Chicago Tribune.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

Druggist—When you get time step over to Greenland & Elsberg's, and tell them to take out the glass over our soda water fountain.

Clarklets—Isn't it a good one?

Druggist—Yes, too good. Why a man can't wink without his wife catching him at it.—[Puck.

And Suffer Ages for Suffrages?

If Mr. Blaine wants to secure a hold on a strong and rapidly increasing circle of popular smypathy he had better get the grip at once.

Our New Serial Story.

Written expressly for the Blade, and published in no other paper. Copyright 1891.

MARK AINSLIE'S QUEST;

OR,

An American Daughter of the Gods.

OUR NEW SPECIAL SERIAL.

CHAPTER IV.

A NIGHT AT THE THEATER.

The carriage containing Mr. and Mrs. Dolby and Elinor Atherton was making its way toward the hotel. The old lady, who preserved a freshness of interest in her surroundings, especially when they were new, let her eyes rove alertly over the buildings, signs, and people upon the street as the vehicle rolled along. The evening was a delicious one. The air was soft and clear, and though the sun had just set, there was still light enough to discern the faces of passers by.

There was a temporary stoppage at a street-corner, owing to a loaded wagon obstructing the driveway. Mrs. Dolby peered out with renewed interest to ascertain the nature of the sudden stop. There were many people on the sidewalk, and as the old lady caught sight of one she uttered an exclamation of surprise:

"Great goodness! Can it be? Elinor, my dear—look! look!"

And Mrs. Dolby pointed to a lady, plainly if not poorly dressed in black, passing by.

Elinor turned to look. At that moment the lady raised her eyes and encountered her own.

"Bernice! At last!" exclaimed Elinor, excitedly. "I must see her. No, auntie"—this to the old lady who put out her hand in a bewildered way, "I must talk with her." And throwing open the door of the carriage, Elinor sprang to the ground and started in pursuit of the lady, who was walking quickly away.

"What on earth is all this about?" demanded Mr. Dolby, gazing at his wife in astonishment. "You don't mean to say that was Bernice Atherton?"

"Indeed it was," responded the old lady. "But I can't see why Elinor wants to talk with her, after all that's said and done. We must wait here for her," she went on, as the driver prepared to continue on his way, the road now being clear. "Do stop him, John!"

Mr. Dolby thereupon had the carriage drawn up by the sidewalk, to await Elinor's return—not without some grumbling, however, as it was his dinner hour, and he was anxious to get to the hotel.

"Why didn't you watch where they went, so that we might follow and keep them in sight?" he demanded fretfully of h's wife.

"Dear me, we might have done that, only I didn't think of it in time!" lamented Mrs. Dolby. "However, I don't think Elinor will be very busy."

Meanwhile Elinor, heedless of the old couple she had so unceremoniously left, was following the lady in black. The latter had hurried away after the one glance she had given at the vehicle and its inmates, and had turned the first corner she reached. Before she got to the end of the block, however, Elinor overtook her.

"Bernice, won't you stop and speak to me?" were her words as she laid her hand gently on the other's arm.

The lady gave a great start, and turned to face Elinor. She was not so tall as the latter, and of a slightly heavier build—one of that type of women who in later life are apt to become Junonine in appearance. Her eyes were a deep gray, yet had in them that appearance of depth and luminosity which gave such a charm to Elinor's blue orbs—but there were tears shining on her lashes, Elinor noticed. Her hair was dark brown, glossy and abundant. She was a beautiful woman, of a different type from Elinor, however; yet as the two confronted each other there was a slight likeness between them, due chiefly to the expression of the the eyes. Her face was pale and troubled.

"Is it really you, Nellie? I caught sight of your face in a carriage a minute ago, I thought."

"Yes, and I left it to follow you. Dear Bernice, may not I be your friend?"

Bernice looked at her a moment. The hard look in her face softened as she answered:

"Why do you wish it? I chose deliberately my own life and career. It did not please my—my friends, and I was given the choice of exile from you all, or to abandon the career of which I dreamed. I chose the latter. Do you wish to come under the same ban as myself?"

"I am of age, Bernice, and mistress of my own actions. No one has any right to question me. I have always believed in your innocence, and have been waiting for months for tidings of you that I might tell you so."

"Innocent! I don't understand you, Elinor! What do you mean?"

Elinor glanced around, as if too see that no one was near. "Are you married, Bernice?" she inquired, anxiously.

"Married!" echoed the other. "Certainly not! Has any one told you I was married?"

Elinor looked pained. "No one told me so, but I hoped—I should say I thought so."

"I don't understand you, Elinor. Why did you 'hope' or 'think' I was married?"

Elinor's distress increased. "Because—because—you ran—you went away with Burton Redway. I——"

Bernice's eyes flashed. "What does this mean, Elinor?" she interrupted angrily. "Burton Redway, the actor! Whoever imagined that I was accompanied by him when I left my father's house?"

"Every one thought so, Bernice," was the reply. "You both disappeared at the same time, and—and—it was believed you went together."

Bernice's gray eyes flashed. "I tell you, Elinor, it is utterly and entirely false. When I left home, a year and a half ago, I left it alone. Was that why you hoped I was married?"

"Yes."

"What, then, did you mean by saying you always believed in my innocence? Was it this that you referred to?"

"Yes, Bernice. I meant that I did not believe that you robbed your father."

"Robbed my father? Elinor, what do you mean? Does any one think of me as a thief?"

"Forgive me, dear, if I have pained you. I told you I did not believe it."

Bernice wiped away the gathering tears. "I must know of all this, Elinor. I must see you and have these hideous stories explained and refuted. Can it be that my friends believe so ill of me—that I ran away with an actor and robbed my own father as well?"

"It is too true, dear."

"And my father? Did he believe this?"

—But we must not stand here talking on the open street. Are you stopping in the city?"

"We—that is Mr. and Mrs. Dolby and myself—have just come from Cleveland. He has some business that will detain him here to-morrow—something about lumber, you know. Why may I not go with you, Bernice?"

Bernice hesitated. "And leave the Dolbys in their carriage?"

"They have, of course, gone to the Russell house. They will know that I am with you."

"But, Nellie, I am going to the theater—and I fear I am late. You would not go there with me?"

"Why not? If I will not be in the way, I shall be glad to go."

Meanwhile the Dolbys sat in the carriage until it became evident that Elinor would not return, and then, amid much agitation and lamentation on the old lady's part, drove to the hotel. They had hardly reached their room, however, when a messenger boy brought a note from Elinor:

"I am at the —— theater with Bernice. Don't be anxious, for I will come to the hotel when the performance is over.

"ELINOR."

"Thank heaven!" ejaculated the old lady.

"What on earth has she gone to the theater for?"

"Why, you know Bernice went on the stage. I suppose she is playing there."

Meanwhile Elinor sat on a trunk in Bernice's dressing room, and gazed around in undisguised wonder at the strange little world on the wrong side of the curtain—a part of the theater which she had never before visited. Bernice was soon dressed for her part, and when she went upon the stage secured for Elinor a place in the wings from which she might view the performance. The play was a familiar one to her, and she noted that the part Bernice took was a subordinate one—though it was played cleverly.

When the curtain went down, the two girls retired to Bernice's dressing room, where the latter soon resumed her street garb.

"Now, Nellie, I am free at last to think and talk. What you said threw my brain into a whirl, and it was all I could do to remember my lines, familiar as they are. Can you come with me to my hotel? We can talk there."

The hotel was a second-rate one, and the room which Bernice occupied was not much larger than the dressing-room at the theater. Elinor looked around her in surprise.

"Bernice, why do you stop at such a hotel as this, and in such a poor room?"

"This is the best I can afford, on my salary," was the reply, in a bitter tone. "Look at my clothes, Nellie! They are the best I can afford. Got much like old times, is it?"

Elinor looked at the worn black dress, the few plain articles of clothing lying on the bed, evidently just returned by the washerwoman, in surprise. Like many other persons, she had a very exaggerated idea of the salaries earned by theatrical people, and it was a surprise to her to see a bit of the actual poverty of the rank and file of players.

"Do you mean that you have no better room wherever you go than this?" she inquired.

"Sometimes worse, once in a while slightly better—and cleaner," was the reply. "The road to success on the stage is a long one and a hard one. I have far to go yet before I reach it."

Elinor remembered the wilful, petted girl at her home—her rich wardrobe, her dainty surroundings—and her soul went forth in pity for her cousin. Bernice interrupted her thoughts, however:

"Now tell me, dear, all these vile things that have been said of me. You say it is believed I ran away with Burton Redway. What evidence was there of this monstrous falsehood?"

"You knew Burton Redway, did you not?"

"Yes. He gave me some lessons in stage business that I thought I needed; and I paid him for them. That was all there was between us."

"Did he not call on you at your home?"

"Yes, but as a business acquaintance, not as a friend."

"I know only what I have heard, you must remember. You left home one night—"

"Yes, so that I might take a through train to New York—and I went alone."

"I believe you, of course, Bernice. But it was said that Redway Burton called at the house that evening. The next day you were gone, and Redway Burton was missing. None of his associates knew where he had gone, but he had boasted, so it was said, to his intimates, that he was going to elope with a wealthy young lady."

Bernice's eyes flashed. "And this story of my taking money?"

"Your father's desk had been opened—by a duplicate key, probably—and a considerable sum of money taken from a drawer; how much I do not know."

"The little right-hand drawer in which papa used to keep money! How was it that I was charged with it?"

"Everything seemed to point that way. Your theatrical aspirations, which uncle bitterly opposed; your intimacy with Burton Redway, and his disappearance at the same time as yourself—and you could need money, of course; and you took your maid Alice with you—"

"What!" interrupted Bernice. "Took Alice with me? Of course not! What do you mean?"

"Did you not? She disappeared at the same time as yourself, and it was naturally supposed she went with you."

Bernice sprang to her feet. "Then she eloped with Burton Redway, and robbed my father! She knew that I was going away—I had to make her my confidant; and I left in her hands a letter for my father. Did she deliver it, do you know?"

"Certainly not. It was an added sting to uncle that you left him no word. He died without ever hearing one word from you."

"I not only told him where I was going, but gave him the stage name which I adopted, so that he might be able to find me at any time. And he died, and never knew!" Bernice broke down, and throwing herself on her knees by the bedside, she leaned upon it and burst into a storm of tears.

Elinor knelt by her and with soothing words tried to calm her grief. It was long, however, before Bernice regained her self-control.

"How was it," she said, when he had mastered her emotion, "that the story did not become public that I had robbed my father and eloped with an actor? That would have been a nice morsel for the newspapers!"

"Uncle never made it public that the money had been taken. That was told only to the family. I did not know it until after uncle's death."

"I can see it all," said Bernice. "By some means, Redway Burton became acquainted with Alice. He made love to her; she knew when I left home; she robbed the desk—or the two together did—and then eloped, with the design of having it believed that I was the guilty one. And I can well understand how my father with all his pride, from very shame kept his loss concealed! Truly, I have been punished for my waywardness!"

"One thing more, Bernice," said Elinor. "Why did you not come forward when uncle died? Your staying away was accepted by those who knew the story as proof positive of ——"

"Of what, Nellie?" said Bernice, as her cousin hesitated. "Of my guilt of the robbery—of my supposed shame?"

Elinor bowed in mute assent.

"Oh, this is infamous!" Bernice went on. "Tangled in a net of circumstantial evidence, all that I did—every action—was distorted into proof of the monstrous tale! Nellie, I did not learn of my father's death until nearly two weeks after it occurred. I felt that he had cast me off—that his silence, after I had given him my stage name, and an address through which he could reach me at any time, meant that he no longer considered me as a daughter; and I was too proud to go to claim an inheritance from a father who had disowned me!"

"But you no longer think so, dear! You owe it to yourself to come forward and tell the truth. You owe it to your friends that you shall be set right in their estimation. Of course you know the provisions of uncle's will?"

"No; I never heard what it contained."

"It gave the bulk of his property to certain charities, and the remainder to myself," said Elinor, in an embarrassed way. "I need not say, Bernice, that what has been left me I shall never touch. It belongs rightfully to you, and you must take it."

"No, Nellie," replied her cousin, with emphasis, "that is what father always intended for you. He told me several times that he proposed leaving a sum of money to you in recognition of aid he had received from your father at some time in the past. My patrimony is left to charity. If I were offered that, I should not have any scruples about taking it; but not yours,—not yours!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHAT NAMES STAND FOR.

The Significations of the Names of the States.

Maine takes its name from the Province of Main, in France, and was so called as a compliment to the queen of Charles I., Henrietta, who was its owner.

New Hampshire takes its name from Hampshire, England. New Hampshire was originally called Laconia.

Vermont is French (Verd Mont), signifying Green Mountain.

Massachusetts is an Indian word, signifying "Country about the Great Hills."

Rhode Island gets its name because of its fancied resemblance to the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean.

The real name of Connecticut is Quoneh-ta Cut. It is a Mohican word, and means "long river."

New York was so named as a compliment to the Duke of York, whose brother, Charles II., granted him that territory.

New Jersey was named for Sir George Carter, who was at that time governor of the island of Jersey, in the British Channel.

Delaware derives its name from Thomas West, Lord de la Ware.

Maryland was named in honor of Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I.

Virginia got its name from Queen Elizabeth, the "Virgin Queen."

Kentucky does not mean "Dark and Bloody Ground," but is derived from the Indian word "Kain-tuk-ae," signifying "Land at the Head of the River."

Ohio has had several meanings fitted to it. Some say that it is a Shawnee word, meaning "The Beautiful River." Others refer to the Wyandotte word, Ohera, which signified "Something Great."

Missouri means "Muddy Water."

Michigan is from an Indian word, meaning "Great Lake."

Colorado is a Spanish word, applied to that portion of the Rocky Mountains on account of its many colored peaks.

Nebraska means "Shallow Waters."

Nevada is a Spanish word, signifying "Snow-Covered Mountains."—[St. Louis Republic.

THE COST OF ROYALTY.

The Great Editor Speaks Cynically of Royal Pensioners.

The cost of British royalty is about $5,000,000 a year. In addition to the maintenance of the palaces and the building of royal yachts the incomes voted to the family are enormous.

The Prince of Wales has over $300,000 and the princess $50,000 a year. The younger sons of the queen have been voted $125,000, the daughters $30,000 each, the Duke of Cambridge, the queen's cousin, $60,000, and his two sisters $23,000 and $15,000 respectively, and $300,000 was voted to the Empress Frederick of Germany when she was married.

The lord chamberlain, lord steward, and master of buckhounds get $28,500 per year each, seven lords in waiting get $3,500 each for a few weeks each year "in attendance." The ladies of the bedchamber have $2,500 a year each.

What would be thought in the United States, of the Senate, were each incoming President able to distribute salaries to some 30 Senators for performing ceremonial duties about his person or about that of his wife?

Would the Senate be deemed independent of the executive were it possible to give a Senator from the North many thousand dollars per annum for walking backward before the President with a white stick, a Senator from the South a huge income for looking after the Presidential dog, and the wife of a Senator from the West a big salary for presiding over the gowns and the petticoats of Mrs. President?—[London Truth.

SCARED OF DISEASE.

Small-Pox Kills a Miner Who Had the Measles.

The fear of the grip, now on its winter tour, reminds me of the small-pox scare in California some years ago. Small-pox was raging in 'Frisco and also in "Eureka, Humboldt county. A miner went from Eureka on horseback up to a gold mine by the name of Gold Bluff, situated some 60 miles north of Eureka, on the coast, and after a two days' trip on a rough trail he arrived there, almost exhausted from a bad cold he caught in fording a stream soon after starting.

The miners called it small-pox, for want of something better, and would not let him stay in camp with them, so he was compelled to camp in a hollow redwood tree the first night after his arrival.

The next morning behold his skin was all broken out and the miners bound him on his pony and started him down the trail toward Eureka. You can imagine his ride, down a rough trail, burning with fever, aching at every joint, but he had to either go, or die there alone. He arrived there insensible, hanging on his pony. A doctor was called who pronounced it small-pox, and he was sent to the pest-house. After a more thorough examination, it was decided that he had the measles, but he was now in the pest-house, and had to stay there. After an extended fight with the measles he was at last convalescent, but while in that state, he caught the small-pox and died.

This man's death can safely be laid to the excitement of the people's mind and their morbid fear of disease, so don't be in too much haste to decide on anything as important as a man's life.

The Odds Against Him.

"I don't feel right about going in there" said Chillson Fee vor, in front of a physician's house.

"Pshaw! He's one of the best doctors in the city," replied Cadin Coles.

"I know; but look at his sign—'9 to 1.'"

"Well!"

"Well, I don't take any such chances as that."—[Puck.

The Fallacy of Simile.

Ponsonby—My business is going like clock-work.

Popinjay—That can't be.

Ponsonby—What reason have you for saying so?

Popinjay—Why, if you wind up a clock it goes; if you wind up your business it stops.—[The Jewelers' Circular.

Worth Worship.

Chicago belle—I fear you do not really and truly love me.

Ardent suitor—I worship the very ground you walk on.

Chicago belle—Of course. It's worth $400 a front foot.—[New York Weekly.

THE CHLOROFORM TRICK.

How Americans in Paris Sometimes Pay the Price of Their Folly.

Americans in Paris, and indeed all visitors to the gay capital, should be warned of the chloroform trick which, according to the police reports, is being practiced there extensively upon strangers.

The chloroform trick is operated as follows: A well dressed, plausible speaking man lounges about the hotels most frequented by wealthy Americans, manages to scrape an acquaintance with such gentlemen as he judges to be easy victims, and finally proposes one of those stereotyped rounds of nocturnal sight-seeing which are so alluring to a man before he has seen them and so disappointing afterward.

Of course the man who acts as a decoy in this pernicious game poses as a Frenchman thoroughly familiar with all the gilded wickedness of Paris, upon which he dilates by the hour to his eager listeners.

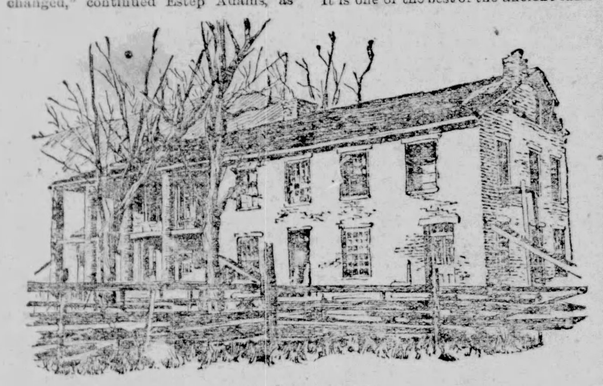
Finally the appointed night comes around and with pockets well

JAMES G. BLAINE AS A BOY

THE STORY OF HIS EARLY LIFE

Told by Men and Women Who Went to School With Him—The Two Administrations of the Harrison Family.

"Did I know Mr. Blaine as a boy? I did. We went to school together, and played all sorts of pranks side by side. When Gen. Harrison was on his way to Washington to be inaugurated, he and I stood by the old tavern in Brownsville, over the river, and watched the stages drive up loaded with the big men of the West who were going on with him. Little did he think then that, fifty years later, he would be secretary of State in the Cabinet of the grandson of the man we looked upon with wonder as boys; still less did I think that I should be the postmaster of our old town under the same administration. But things have changed," continued Estep Adams, as he leaned over the counter of the little country postoffice, with his elbows on a mailbag and told stories of Mr. Blaine's early life.



BLAINE'S BIRTHPLACE.

"The Blaines, you know, were Whigs and took part in the lively campaign of 'Tippecanoe and Tyler too,' and Mr. Blaine's father was made prothenetary of this county as the result. But I'll tell you more when I fix up this mail," said the veteran, as he went on about his work and left me to call again.

"Do you remember, Mr. Blaine, when I first began to clerk in Bowman's store? You used to come down there barefooted with a pair of nankeen pants on, buttoned to a shirt waist, and a chip hat. You were doing errands for your mother then, and a dear good woman she was."

"Don't I remember those times, and we had happy days in West Brownsville then. Many a spool of boss I have bought of you."

"Let me see," said Captain Cox, "I had not seen James G. Blaine for more than thirty years, when this incident occurred. He appeared to me then, not as a boy I had known; but as the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and the talk of the land. At Pittsburg he had taken passage on the packet I was commanding. We left that point on time. I did not know he was on board. Mr. Blaine was on his way to make a visit to the home of his childhood, the first time for many years. Some gentlemen who were his companions, said to him, 'an old friend of yours commands this boat.'"

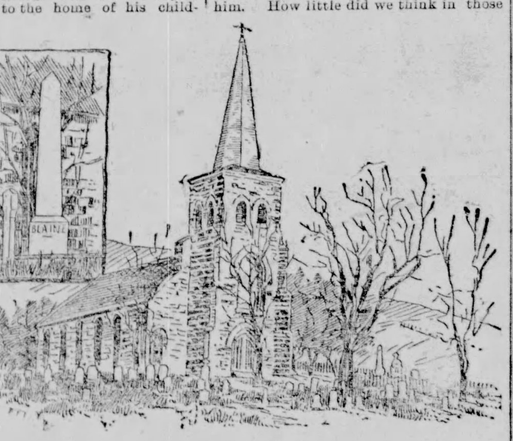
"'Don't know him to me,' said he, 'I want to see it I will know him.'"

They walked up to the deck upon which I am standing, when before he had fairly reached me, he held out his hand and said:

"Hello, Capt. Cox! How are you? You haven't changed much since the days when we knew one another in the town along the Monongahela. We had good times then."

"Yes, I often recall them as I go past your place steaming up and down the river. There is a good deal to think about in what has come out of that village of West Brownsville."

Capt. Cox commands the Adam Jacobs, a boat moving between Pittsburg and Morgantown, West Virginia, about one hundred miles of travel by steam. He is older than the statesman whom he was chaffing about going barefooted, wearing nankeen pants and a chip hat. Naturally he remembers the man well who has struck such a mark upon the history of the country, and made the straggling hamlet along the muddy river known as his birthplace.



THE OLD CHURCH.

"I was surprised," said Captain Cox, "with his ability to remember me after so many years; but it only illustrates an element of his mind that was a wonder to us all, when he was a boy. He had a quick intellect then, and never forgot anything. It is evident that this power has developed in him as a man to a great degree. You know we all of us like to be remembered; especially by one who started with us in childhood, and then won a national reputation."

"Is he often recalled by the people among whom he was born and raised?"

"I am not much at home; but there is hardly a trip up or down when one or more of the old residents do not talk to me about him. I am glad to say that there is but one feeling among them, whether they be Democratic or Republican. We want to see him President. So far as I am concerned, I never had a political sentiment in common with him; but he is held in such high esteem, not only by myself, but by all classes along the river, that politics do not enter into our wishes. I mark you I say all classes, and make no distinctions. Even persons who never knew him, but have grown up and are in touch with the people where he was born have caught the same sentiment."

I chatted with Captain Cox a long time, until his boat landed at the quiet hamlet of West Brownsville, and I left him for a two days' visit among the scenes of Mr. Blaine's boyhood. Here, nearly every man and woman of mature age who knew him as a lad, can tell interesting stories about him long before he made his mark in the world. Men and women of the countryside who were his playmates, still live among the rude scenes of almost as primitive a life as when he was born there some 60 years ago. Only a railroad divides the ages. The place has not improved, and the last census tells us that less than 600 souls dwell here. I suppose it was a brisker town in Mr. Blaine's early days, than it is now. The national pike, then the great highway between the East and West, ran directly through the town where he then lived. The old tavern on the other side of the river, where the stages stopped when Henry Clay, Sam Houston and other Western statesmen were on their way to Washington, still stands. On a stone on its gable end, the fact that it was built 91 years ago, and has always furnished good shelter for man and beast from that day to this, is duly recorded. It has never been polluted by other business demands, and is as bright and cheerful a place to-day, as it was in the old days.

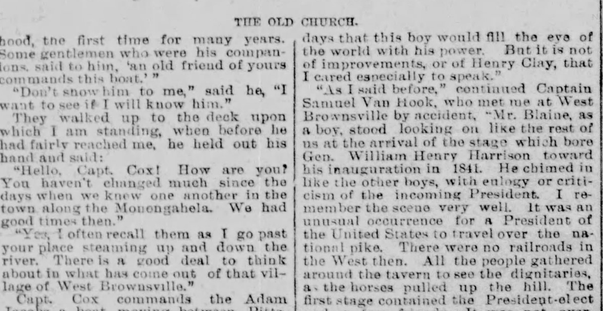
It is one of the best of the ancient landmarks among the old hostelries, which once dotted the national road in the times when the landlord stood smiling in the doorway waiting for the toot of the driver's horn. How the old Boniface would rub his hands when warm up as he counted the well laden stages, furnish the liquor for the passengers, and then take them in for a smoking hot dinner. No matter how many came; a few more chickens were always ready, and there was no default in the bounty spread out. There was not much style about the meals; nor the way in which they were served; but there was comfort in and with them. They only cost 25 cents, and three cents bought a good glass of liquor then. As times have grown more grasping, things have changed. The old taverns, the few that are left, now tax you 50 cents for something to eat, fifteen cents for whisky, and they are a shade worse than in the days of the stage coach. Yet we would not change; because we have other impulses, whether better or worse, no one but ourselves can determine.

"I wonder if Mr. Blaine, now that he is stronger than the strongest, remembers the winter day in 1841 when he stood by the old tavern and watched six coach loads of people draw up at the house of comfort, which was founded by John and Nancy Hezlip, as the stone in the corner records, in the year 1800. I am now nearing 83 years of age, and well remember the great men of the West who passed through Brownsville on their way to Washington. Henry Clay, you know, was a powerful advocate of the improvements of Western highways and rivers. He made a speech on the porch of this hotel, and 'Jim Blaine,' as we called him then, stood and listened to him. How little did we think in those days that this boy would fill the eye of the world with his power. But it is not of improvements, or of Henry Clay, that I cared especially to speak."

THE OLD TAVERN.

"As I said before," continued Captain Samuel Van Hook, who met me at West Brownsville by accident, "Mr. Blaine, as a boy, stood looking on like the rest of us at the arrival of the stage which bore Gen. William Henry Harrison toward his inauguration in 1841. He chimed in like the other boys, with eulogy or criticism of the incoming President. I remember the scene very well. It was an unusual occurrence for a President of the United States to travel over the national pike. There were no railroads in the West then. All the people gathered around the tavern to see the dignitaries, as the horses pulled up the hill. The first stage contained the President-elect and a few friends. It was not overcrowded like the others. It was simply comfortably filled. You see class distinctions began in the stage coach days, even before we ever thought of palace cars and vestibule trains.

"I was a young man when Mr. Blaine was a boy. Do you wonder that now he is great that I recall how he looked upon General Harrison, as he alighted from the stage at Brownsville to take his dinner for which he paid 25 cents? He chatted and gabbled with other lads who were with him, little thinking of the wonderful future that was in store for him. I remember that he loitered about the place with the rest of his playmates until the meal was over, and the President and his party moved off up the hill; while the driver blew his horn an extra toot as a signal that the new President was on his way to Washington. No thought then came to Eph Blaine's son that 50 years later he would be prime minister and the active power in the Cabinet of the grandson of the first President of the United States whom he had ever seen. How things have changed since those days. As I remember him then and think of him now, I wonder at what mighty strides this country has made, and he has kept pace with it all. He was a cheerful lad and in love with the rugged elements of life which surrounded him. I wonder if he ever recalls in his powerful position in the State department his life as a boy when he looked with youthful eyes upon General Harrison on his way to Washington.



THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

"What a curious retrospect must come to this man if he ever closes his eyes and turns them within for thought of the past. Did I ever know the lad? Yes, very well; so did my wife and mother. The Blaines and Gillespies had plenty. They owned much of the country around here; because the great grandfather, who came from Washington's staff in the revolution, landed upon these acres, then worthless, but now rich in both agricultural and mineral wealth. The Blaines from the beginning have been and are in many respects remarkable people. Starting with the Revolution, and not ended yet, one or the other of that singular family have been so wise or so flip that they have startled the whole country with their achievements. It does not disturb me in the least in the quiet of my home along these hills to remember the days when Squire Blaine, as we used to call him, dominated this country. He would never work. He was too full of the juice of life to labor. He wore a shirt ruffled on both sides of the vest, and was always clad in a suit of blue broadcloth decorated with brass buttons. He drove a tandem team, and had all of the best there was going. He was handsome, smart and gleeful. Yet he was a man who bore the respect of the community and everybody said he was the best man in town. That is true. I knew him well. He spent two fortunes in enjoying himself, and left his sons to make their paces in life without a dollar. It was a good thing for them.

ESTEP ADAMS.

"The Gillespies, the family into which Mr. Blaine's father married, were erratic and brilliant. Mr. Blaine's mother was a wonderful woman. A stern, sincere, and lovable character was she, who was beloved by everybody; while her father was one of the boys; so was her husband. The elder Gillespie, who was Mr. Blaine's grandfather on a maternal side, was a wild Irishman. Provident, just, exacting and frolicsome; he made money while he played. Fine horses were in his stable, and to change the monotony of a dreary life among the hills, he would occasionally hitch up a four-in-hand to a sleigh in the summer time, and drive through the town at a break-neck speed. He would draw up at the old tavern on the national pike, where Gen. Harrison stopped, while a half dozen people would jump out to hold his team. Going in he would order what he wanted, and when asked about his whim, would say:

"'Any fool can have a sleigh ride in the winter, but only an Irishman can enjoy one in the summer.'"

"I am not going to say anything more about the Blaines except that they were all Whigs, and afterwards naturally turned to the Republican party. It is a curious incident of the present situation that Gen. Harrison's election to the Presidency in 1840 took Mr. Blaine's father out of the little by-play about Brownsville. He was poor then, but rich in our esteem. After his term of office he came back to his old home and lived there until he died, honored by all who knew him."

Between high hills, and over many mounds, Brownsville, with its six thousand, and West Brownsville are built. They are both one town practically; but on opposite sides of the Monongahela—one in Fayette and the other in Washington county. In the years when Mr. Blaine was a boy, Pittsburg received its mail from this birthplace, as did the other towns down the river. The queer place, which is no larger now than then, was the central point for the mails between the East and the West. One day an old boat captain said that he felt sorry that they were trying to make a town down the river called Pittsburg. "It could never be any account," said he, "because it is too far from Brownsville." How things have shifted since those days. Sometimes I wonder whether Mr. Blaine looks back to the home of his childhood, and remarks to himself what wonderful achievements have been bred from and upon the national road over which he used to walk as a barefooted boy. Then, Brownsville and West Brownsville were the greatest boat-building centers in the West, and all the rivers between the Alleghenies and the Rocky mountains felt the touch of this singular town built upon seven hills. It would have been larger had there been ground enough to build on.

Matilda Houston used to go to school in the old house pictured here with the present secretary of State. She is a widow now, with one child.

"Do you remember Mr. Blaine?"

"Why shouldn't I? We lived almost next door to his folks, and we children were in and out our two houses, as though they were one. Jim, as we called him then, was the blatheringist boy in the school, and he was not a favorite among the scholars. He knew too much. When the teacher would give us some hard questions in mental arithmetic, all the children would fail to answer; but when it came to Jim Blaine he would tell it right off. Then he would turn to us and say:

"'Why don't you learn something?'

"That is the way he used to tantalize us. Do you wonder that we were jealous of him? He learned too quickly; yet he was popular with all the girls, because he always stood by them, and would help us out whenever we could not understand our sums."

"Would he fight?"

"Not much. He would look on and laugh while the other boys battered each other. He seemed to be born to manage other people. He would often raise a row among the other boys and then watch them. I think of a good story about him. One day I was coming along the road and Tom McBride and Jim were in a fight. Tom had him down, and he was sitting across his breast pounding away at Jim, when I asked:

"'Tom, what are you doing?'

"The reply was: 'I am going to lick Jim Blaine until he cries enough.'

"'Say enough! Say enough!' said I. 'Do not be lying there taking a beating for nothing.'

"'By Jingo,' said Blaine, 'I will never say it, if I lie here forever.'

"I got mad and pulled McBride off of him, and ended the fight."

Estep Adams, the old postmaster at West Brownsville, took me down to the old school house where the present secretary of State first went to school as a boy with the lads and lasses, some of whom still live along the country road.

"Let us see," said Mr. Adams "Solomon Phillips, Joshua Gibbons and Squire A. E. Booth, who lives across the river, were the teachers who instructed Mr. Blaine in his first studies. All are dead except Booth, and I will take you over to see him."

We landed at the little old hotel where he lives. The old pedagogue is now eighty-five; but is in full possession of his powers.

"Yes, I remember Mr. Blaine well," said the squire. "I did not think much of him as a scholar except in arithmetic, where he put all the others in the shade. He was not so much of a reader, and could not write so very well; but he was smart in talk."

When we left Squire Booth, Estep Adams, the old postmaster and myself crossed the river on the bridge, built the year in which Mr. Blaine was born. I have often wondered why the Blaine's clung to this little place under the hills; while they went across the river to buy and worship. The old church where the Presbyterian father and Catholic mother are buried reminds me of Longfellow's description of old St. David's at Radnor:

"See how the ivy climbs and expands
Over this humble heritage,
And seems to cover with its little hands
The rough gray stones, as a child that stands
Caressing the wrinkled cheeks of ages."

SQUIRE A. E. BOOTH,
Blaine's Schoolmaster.

"I remember," said Estep Adams, "that Mr. Blaine and I used to go over to Sunday-school at this old Catholic church on the hill where his father and mother are buried. It is a romantic place, and in years since the days when we were boys together I have often visited it. The headstones once over the graves of Mr. Blaine's parents have been taken away and a granite monument stands between the pair, who had everything in common, and led a loving life, even if their religion did differ. Did I like James G. Blaine? Everybody did. He was a manly boy. He respected the wishes of his parents. Their word was his law. I got licked by his brother Eph because I respected that sentiment. A lot of us boys went down the river. The Blaines had been forbidden by their parents to go swimming. All of us wanted to go in the water. Eph Blaine, who was regarded by his father as the smartest of all his children, wanted to go in with us; but he could not unless Jim would go in, or not tell.

"'I will tell,' said Jim, 'I will not go in because mother said we should not.'

"On the way home, the two brothers got into a quarrel about the swim, when Eph called me who was ahead of him, and said:

"'Estep, come back here and lick Jim.'

"'If you want Jim licked, lick him yourself,' said I.

"'If you don't come and lick him, I will lick you,' said Eph.

"I turned around, we tackled each other, and I got the worst thrashing of my life on Jim Blaine's account."

"Jim was a great town ball player. He had a way of ducking so that he could not be hit by the ball. But one day I caught him napping and hit him in the side and made him turn over.

"'How was he with you as a boy?'

"Splendid. One day when the drovers came along driving East, as they often did, we boys would run and help them get their herds on the ferry boat, and a sixpence meant a great deal to us. 'Jim' Blaine was one in helping the people across, although he did not need the money. We had some funny experiences?

"One day a man came along with a big drove of sheep. We all ran and helped to get him on the ferry. 'Jim' was one, and he caught hold of the tail of one of the drover's horses. He got kicked in the ear, and we all thought he was going to die. The kick made him cross-eyed, and when he began to get well we thought he would be so for life; but bless your life, the Blaine's always landed on their feet, and Jim, not only got well; but became the flower of the flock. As I said before, he was not his father's pet. The son Eph, who bore the name of his parent, was regarded as the brightest boy of the family; but when he began to go the school-house Jim could learn so much quicker than any of the others, that Eph studied himself sick trying to keep up with his younger brother, and they buried him over on the hills yonder.

"While Mr. Blaine has been out of this community for many years, and is always called 'the man from Maine,' we remember him as the boy from Pennsylvania.

Here old Captain Van Hook put in the last word.

"I have never been to Washington," said he, "and will never go until Mr. Blaine is President. I think if that time should come my wife and I will die happy. If you see him just tell him for me that I do not want to be disappointed this time."

FRANK A. BURR.

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Recent Literature.

The Latest Volumes that have Reached the Blade Book Table.

In the excellent series, "Heroes of Nations," published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City, is Vol. V, "Sir Philip Sidney," type of English chivalry in the Elizabethan age, by H. R. Fox Bourne. The volumes of the series which have preceded it are: "Nelson," "Gustavus Adolphus," "Pericles," and "Theodoric the Goth."

In the "Knickerbocker Nuggets" from the same publishing house, comes volumes 1st, 2d and 3d, of stories from the "Arabian Nights," selected from Lane's version, with additions newly translated from the Arabic, by Stanley Lane-Poole.

"Writers and Readers," also from the Putnams, is a series of lectures read in the hall of New College, Oxford University, before the members of the teachers of the University association, by Prof. George Birkbeck Hill. From the first to the fourth, inclusive, they treat of "Revolutions in Literary Taste," and the two remaining ones of "The Study of Literature as a Part of Education."

The fourth volume of the "Memoirs of Prince de Talleyrand" has made its appearance, and will be welcomed with pleasure by those who have followed this most interesting work through the other volumes. The brilliant abilities of the French statesman are made more and more evident as we follow the correspondence and read his own statements of the occurrences of those days when he held the power in his hands that guided the French ship of state. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City, are the publishers.

A very charming little story published by the Putnams in an extremely attractive form is entitled, "Peter, A Cat's One Tale, His Life and Adventures" written by Charles Morley, (A Pal of Peter's) and characteristically illustrated by Louis Wain, (Peter's Proprietor.)

In pamphlet form comes a volume of stories from the pen of Anna Katherine Greene, which is a sufficient guaranty of their excellence. There are five with the following titles: "The Old Stone House;" "Memorable Night;" "The Black Cross;" "A Mysterious Case," and "Shall He Wed Her?" G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.

FAMOUS ECHOES.

Eagle's Nest, Where a Single Bugle Call is Multiplied into a Hundred.

The most remarkable place of echoes in the world is perhaps in the old palace of the Simonetta, near Milan, which forms three sides of a quadrangle. The report of a pistol is said to be repeated by this echo sixty times. Addison, who visited the place, counted fifty-six repetitions. At first they were quick, but the intervals were greater in proportion as the sound diminished.

The echo at the Eagle's Nest, on the banks of Killarney, is renowned for its repetition of a bugle call, which seems to be repeated by a hundred instruments until it gradually dies away in the air. At the report of a cannon the loudest thunders reverberate from the rock and die in seemingly endless peals along the distant mountains.

There is also a famous echo on the Rhine, between Coblentz and Bingen, which repeats a word seventeen times, while in the sepulcher of Metella, the wife of Sulla, in the Roman campagna, there is an echo which repeats five times.

Eternal Vigilance

Is the price of good health. But with all the precaution we may take there are enemies always lurking about our systems, only waiting a favorable opportunity to assert themselves. Scrofula and other impurities in the blood may be hidden for years or even for generations, and suddenly break forth, undermining health and hastening death. For all diseases arising from impure blood

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the unequalled and unapproached remedy. It is King of them all, for it conquers disease. It builds up in a perfectly natural way all the weakened parts, vitalizes, enriches and

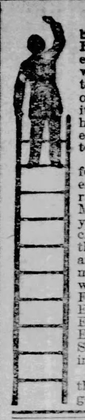
Purifies the Blood

And assists to healthy action those important organs, the kidneys and liver. If you need a good medicine you should certainly take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar



The highest place, among all blood-medicines, belongs to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. See if you don't think so, when you consider how it's sold to you. It's *guaranteed*—and no other medicine of the kind is. If it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back. Wouldn't every medicine make the same terms if it could do as much good? But the "Discovery" *acts* differently, just as it's *sold* differently. It's not like the sarsaparillas, which claim to do good in March, April, and May. All the year round, with equal benefit, it cleanses, purifies and invigorates the whole system. All Blood, Skin and Scalp Diseases, from a common blotch or eruption to the worst Scrofula, are cured by it. For Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Goiter or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands, Tumors, and Swellings, it's a remedy that nothing can equal.

It's the *cheapest* one, too. With this, you pay only for the *good* you get. Refuse worthless substitutes.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Scouring in Mare.

A. B. H., North Dakota: Scouring or diarrhea may result from drinking too freely of pump or spring water, over doses of physic, indigestible or irritating food, liver diseases, worms, or constitutional tendency. Give the following twice a day until the discharges cease: Powdered chalk, 1 oz.; bi-sulphate of soda, 1 oz. Mix and administer in a pint of gruel. Give no more water than is absolutely necessary. Feed none but the best of hay, oats, clover, and other food. Be careful not to continue the above remedy after the diarrhea is stopped. If the mare shows symptoms of worms, after the scouring has been checked, write again, and you will be told what to do. Keep the mare in a place where she will not get chilled.

Sore on Ox's Neck.

P. W. P., Ohio: For the ox that has sore on his neck caused by a scratch from a brass rivet, poultice the part with linseed meal, on which there is sprinkled a full tablespoonful of charcoal. After this has been applied for two or three days, wash the sore with chloride of zinc, 1 drahm; water, 1 pint. The part should be covered with muslin to keep out the dust, until healthy granulation and healing is done. If the ox is in good condition, it will not be necessary to change his feed. The washing of the sore should be done every other day.

Planting Shade Trees.

R. L., Illinois: The two best seasons for planting shade trees are in early spring and autumn, and we would emphasize the "early" in both, although in practice to delay is the rule. For most hardy and hard-wooded trees early fall planting, or as soon as frosts have killed the foliage, is not only safe but often preferable to the spring, because the late fall and autumn and winter will thoroughly settle and pack the earth about the roots, and in spring the trees are in a position and condition to make an early growth. To set out trees just as the ground is freezing up is not a safe time, because they will not get the benefit of the usual autumn rains. The elm is a more rapid-growing tree than the sugar maple, but the latter is certainly preferable, because it is a cleaner tree in the way of scattering its leaves in summer and the wood is more valuable; besides its roots will not run all over a farm in search of food and moisture like those of the elm. The imported elm leaf-beetle has for several years been at work on the elms in many of our Eastern states, and will probably migrate westward, and when it does you will not care to have many elm trees for shade or other purposes.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Few Words About Hot Beds.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—I often meet with articles in agricultural and other papers on or about the subject, but seldom see an article that, in my judgment, is not wanting in essential points if not actualy misleading.

The experienced gardener or plant-grower is supposed to know what he wants and how to obtain it; hence, the design of articles of this kind should be to give needed information to the inexperienced; and, as the inexperienced should always begin in a small way, therefore I propose to tell your readers how to make a hot bed for family use; and will say for their encouragement that I have made from one to four hot beds from 12 to 120 feet long every season for the past fifteen years.

Directions.—If you are a new beginner—which of course you are, for I am not talking to the practical gardener—do not commence operations too early but wait till winter is nearly over, and then, if the weather is not comparatively pleasant, wait still a little longer. If you have some sash, make calculations to have your bed to fit it. If it is not hot-bed sash it will answer all the same. But if you wish to make sash, have it made to cover a bed three feet wide, and make the length of your bed to suit the width of your sash, that is some multiple of the width of your sash. Hot-bed sash is made in various ways. My plan is as follows: I use 1¼ inch lumber; rip out four strips the length your sash will be from "out to out" and two or three inches surplus, and of the same material rip out one end-piece, the length to be the exact width of sash. These five pieces will be 1¾ inches wide; now saw out the other end-piece from ¾ inch lumber, and 4 inches wide; now joint the six pieces you have sawed out; now set your double gauge to work seven-eighths on, tasks one-eighth apart and gauge two pieces intended for stiles—outside pieces—on face edge from bottom side. Now gauge other two long pieces (muntons) from the face edge on both sides. Now, with one-eighth inch bit plow the four long pieces and the narrow cross piece, as gauged. Now take your long "rails" which are plowed on their edges and lay mortices to suit the narrow "cross-rail" for top end of sash, then measure 4 feet 11½ inches and lay mortices for the seven-eighth or "bottom rail." Now divide your cross rails for eight-inch glass—the length of glass is not material—allowing the glass to go into the grooves in the sash rails. Mortice the narrow cross rail to take in the thickness of the inside rails or muntons and make face tenons on upper end of these so that their width will be "up and down," the grooves will then be right to receive the glass. Now tenon the ends of upper cross rail for the mortices you have laid in upper end of stiles. Now tenon lower cross-rail making shoulder all on underside, at last make your work all level on the bottom. Now, for the lower end of the two muntins, measure 5 feet from their shoulders at upper end and saw down and carefully halve out ¾ inch from bottom and at the proper point—width of glass—cut gains in lower edge of lower cross-rails 1¼ inch wide by ¾ inch deep. When your sash is put together the outside rails will lay flat and the muntins will stand on edge and your sash will be 28 inches by 5 feet 5¾ inches long and the glass will slide in from the lower end in the grooves already described.

Observations—It will be well, before plowing the rails and muntins to bore a very small hole about the middle of each long piece and on the lower gauge mark to put a wire through in case the sash are inclined to spread and let glass fall out.

If your lumber springs a little in sawing out, do not try to straighten it, it is better as it is; only turn the convex edge inward or upward, according as there are stile rails or muntins.

Fasten lower end of muntins with screws from bottom side of sash, and paint all tenons before driving together.

Six of the sash above described will cover a bed 5 by 14 feet, the manner of making which I will now try to describe: Select a spot facing the south, if by the side of a building or fence, so much the better, but do not make any sacrifice in order to get it in such situation; you will learn that it is quite as important to have it convenient to water. Your ground being selected, make up your mind how deep you can dig into the ground without danger of being flooded with water, and make the depth of your pit accordingly. If no danger of flooding, make your pit a full spade-depth and 6x15 feet. When pit is complete it must be filled with manure that is already hot so, if you have none in that condition and can not readily obtain it you must get some fresh manure and pile it up in a high pile, being careful not to put in any that is frozen or has snow among it, and leave it till it is hot. It is not necessary that it should be strictly horse manure or that it should contain a certain proportion of straw and forest leaves or of either; if it has no straw at all it will heat; if it has a little straw it will heat all the same, and if it is nearly all straw it will heat just about as well but settles too much in the bed. The very best hot bed material I ever have tried is a mixture of horse manure and hard-wood sawdust in the proportions of about half as much sawdust as manure. Forest leaves are entirely unnecessary in any case; if you happen to have any use them to mulch your asparagus bed or your fall-planted onions.

When your pit if ready and the manure hot, if the weather is pleasant or soft, put the manure into the pit and don't think of packing it with back of fork but put on your spade boots and tramp and fill and tramp till it is quite firm and about one foot deep at south side of bed and eighteen inches at the north side. Finish with some fine manure, if you have it, to enable you to level off better. Now put on some good soil to the depth of three or four inches; this must be done with care so as to get the soil about equal depth over every part of the bed; now make a box of 12-inch boards five feet wide inside and fourteen feet long outside. Set this box (which of course has no bottom or top to it but only sides and ends) on your bed, settling it slightly into the soil; now put into the box soil enough to make six or seven inches on the manure. Put in your thermometer—with bulb an inch in the soil, put on your glass and leave it till the mercury denotes a temperature of about 70 degrees when it is ready for the seed.

Observations.—It is an advantage to have a two-inch strip nailed across the top of box in such manner as to be level on top and come directly under where the sashes meet each other.

It is not necessary that glass in hot-bed sash should lap on to each other so as to run all the water off—I butt them against other and use no putty.

If you have plenty of manure use it to bank up around your bed, otherwise use earth and in any event bank up within two inches of the top of boards.

If your bed heats rapidly and runs up to 90 degrees or over, take off the glass and give the bed a good raking, it will quickly cool down.

Manure, to heat well, should be quite moist but not dripping wet. W.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Liver Rot in Sheep.

The present might well be called the parasitic age in reference to medical matters, both in human and comparative etiology, since our scientists are discovering every few years that parasites are the cause of this or that disease hitherto enveloped in mystery. The liver rot was one of the earliest in this list of discoveries, on account of the size and the terrible effects of the parasite which produces it.

The liver fluke is a suckling worm somewhat resembling the common leech, of a flat, oval shape, pale brown (from the bile that it lives in), or flesh colored, and an inch to an inch and a third in length. Near the head is a sucker by means of which the fluke attaches itself to the infested part. The manure flake produces a large number of eggs, which are 1-200 of an inch long. In one case reported seven million eggs were obtained from the gall bladder of a single diseased sheep. The eggs are carried with the bile into the intestines, and at length are voided with the droppings of the animal. If they fall upon wet ground or are washed by rains into pools or streams, other changes occur. In temperate climates if the air is 75 to 85 degrees an embryo is formed in about two weeks. When this embryo meets with any object it feels about, and if not satisfied darts off. But if the surface met is the soft, damp body of a certain "limnoeus truncatulus" it begins at once to bore into it. The young fluke spins around on itself like the handle of a corkscrew, by means of the many hair-like paddles covering its surface. It used to be thought the sheep swallowed the snail containing this embryo fluke; but it is now known that after undergoing two changes in the body of the snail, the embryo of the third generation, which is called a "cercaria," leaves the snail and becomes attached to a grass stalk, to which it adheres, wrapped up in a minute cyst or sac. In this form it awaits its final transformation and lifework in the gall ducts of the sheep which has swallowed it with the grass.

For the production of liver rot in sheep there must be:—1. Fluke eggs on the ground; 2. Wet ground or water during warm weather; 3. The snail of the particular variety above mentioned; 4. Sheep to feed on the ground infested by the fluke. The eggs may be transported to a place suitable for hatching in different media; in manure from an infected sheep yard, in earth and mud adhering to the feet of animals and in running water. Rabbits and hares are often infested with liver fluke and may be a means of introducing it into the vegetation of swamps and other situations favorable to their development. —[Sheep Breeder.

The Hessian Fly.

Following is an abstract of a bulletin recently published by Professor F. M. Webster, consulting entomologist to the Ohio Experiment station:

There is a small, dark-colored, two-winged fly, about one-eighth of an inch long, and shaped much like the wheat midge, both belonging to the same order and family of insects. The male is more slender than the female, which when full of eggs, slightly resembles a diminutive mosquito moderately full of blood. The life of the insect in the adult stage is short, the male dying soon after pairing, and the female soon after oviposition. The egg is about one-fiftieth of an inch long, of a dull reddish color. The larva or maggot is, when first hatched, of nearly white color, with a tinge of red, but later they are very light green, clouded with white. The pupa is formed under cover of the puparium, which last is known as the "flaxseed" stage, on account of its resemblance to a flaxseed in form and color. The insect is best known under thisname and in this stage of development.

The eggs are deposited by the female very soon after she hatches from the "flaxseed," as the rule, on the upper side of the leaf. This task is finished in a few days, after which she dies. The young hatching from the egg works its way downward, beneath the sheath to its base. In the fall this is just above the roots below ground, but in spring they do not go below ground, as a rule, but stop at or near one of the lower joints.

It is proper to say that this pest suffers much from the attacks of several minute parasites, which attack and destroy it in both the egg and larval or maggot stage.

TIME OF APPEARANCE.

There are two annual attacks of the Hessian fly, one appearing in the fall and the other in the spring. With the fall brood the time of depositing the eggs varies with the latitude, the farther north the locality the earlier the time of egg laying. In northern Ohio the eggs are deposited early in September, while in the southern part this is delayed until probably early in October, the grain over the territory between these points being stocked with eggs between the dates given. Whether there is the same variation with respect to the spring brood is not known. The eggs at this season are deposited in April and May, the insect usually passing the "flaxseed" stage before harvest and remaining through July and August in the stubble.

PREVENTIVE MEASURES.

These may be noticed as follows: Sowing at the proper time; burning of the stubble; rotation of crops; sowing long, narrow plats in late summer as baits; applying quick-acting fertilizers to seriously infested fields in the fall in order to encourage attacked plants to throw up fresh tillers, and to increase the vigor of those that they may make sufficient growth to withstand the winter.

REMEDIES.

After the fly has gained possession of a field, I know of no application that can be made which will destroy it. Doubtless pasturing the field, if early sown, will often result in reducing the numbers of the pest, besides giving to the ground that compact, pulverized nature, which it should have had at first. No doubt many larvæ and "flaxseeds" by this means would be crushed, but very few would enter into the food of the animals grazing thereon, unless the plants were pulled up both stem and roots. Sheep are probably the best animals to turn on wheat as they are not heavy enough to injure plants by tramping.

—Rheumatism is like sand in the bearings of machinery. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great lubricator which cures the disease.

SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR

Something well worthy of every effort. From the Roman Cornelia's time, to our own, children have been the jewels of the good parents' pride and care. It's the exception to this only that excites comment.

But without good health one can neither well appreciate or direct the vigorous physical activity which is characteristic of the young, and yet the dread of delicate or depressed parents.

But how is the overtaxed parent to acquire fresh vitality? By means of Drs. Starkey & Palen's COMPOUND OXYGEN. Its mission is to build up, what work, worry and disease tear down. Enriched and magnetized air does the business, when put where it is needed, by way of the lungs.

Too simple, you say? That reply might upset a theory, but not a fact. A fact cannot be too simple. The helpfulness of our (notice the "our") COMPOUND OXYGEN is a fact—fixed, proven, clinched! The only vital questions about it are Do you need help? Will you have it help you?

Send for large book of explanation and proof—free for the asking.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

120 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 66 Church St., Toronto, Canada

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address. The name will not be published.

2.—Send only one question at a time, if you expect full replies. If more than one, they must be on the same general subject, not on different ones.

3.—Do not ask us where you can buy or sell anything, nor ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

5.—Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

6.—No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

Whitelaw Reid.

M. M., Inez, Neb.: Whitelaw Reid was born near Xenia, Ohio, Oct. 27, 1837. He graduated at Miami university in 1856, and became editor of the Xenia *News*, of which he managed in connection with planting in Louisiana after the war. Returning to Ohio in 1868, he gave two years to writing "Ohio in the War," the most important of all histories of state troops in the rebellion. He then went to New York and became an editorial writer on the *Tribune*. On the death of Mr. Greeley, in 1872, he succeeded him as editor and principal owner of the paper. He married a daughter of D. O. Mills. He was appointed minister to France by President Harrison, in which capacity he is now serving.

Prices and Freights.

D. W., Sauk Center, Minn., says: "I want you to explain why it is that the Liverpool merchant can lay his goods down in New York with cost, insurance and freight paid, while the wheat producer here has to pay all costs to lay his wheat down in Liverpool. There seems to be many who believe this to be true."

Well, it is not true, by any manner of means. Even if it were true, we do not see how it could be used as an argument, one way or the other. With regard to the farmer paying the freight on his wheat, it depends on the market at it. The consumer in Glasgow, Scotland, of American wheat, would be likely to declare that he pays the freight, as he has to pay so much a bushel for it when it arrives there, in addition to the freight. The Minnesota farmers make a blunder in assuming that the foreign price is the normal price. The price they get is the normal; the foreign price is the normal price with the freight added.

The Galaxy.

Vulcan, Martelle, Iowa: The galaxy is an irregular band of light, seen spanning the heavens any clear night, composed of thousands of stars which are so faint and appear to be so close together as to give a milky appearance. The word "galaxy" is from the Greek, and means "the milky zone;" the Latins called it *via lactea*, or the "milky way." There has been much study of this remarkable aggregation of stars, especially as to its form. That it could be seen from entirely without instead of from within it. The most modern view is that it is an infinitely complicated spiral, with outlying branches extending beyond the range of the most powerful telescopes yet made. The mysteries of it have not been fully solved, and may never be. For a full discussion of the subject, see some of the latest works on astronomy. Of course, the inclination of the earth's axis and its revolution round the sun combined put us at different seasons of the year in different relations to the galaxy.

La Mafia.

J. C. D., Stone's Crossing, Ind.: La Mafia was originally a secret organization of brigands in Sicily. Brigandage has not yet been crushed out in that Island, and the secret organization still exists. In the cities, it is not so much an organization for robbery as it is for mutual help in unlawful designs, and murder is its usual mode of getting rid of any one who has incurred the enmity, either of the organization or of any member of it. Members of the Mafia who came to this country kept up the organization of murderers and cut-throats here. Very little is known of the Mafia, because the penalty of revealing any of its secrets is death.

Westminster Abbey.

A. H. V., Rocky Hill, O.: Westminster Abbey existed before the end of the 8th century, and is traced to the early part of the 7th. The larger portion of the structure in its present condition was completed in the middle of the 14th century. It is in the form of an irregular cross. Exclus

...age's Sermon.

...AR SHALT THOU DIE"

...ecca

...ve Small Words Which ...ould Receive Much Attention —Getting Ready for Eternity Before it is Too Late.

Dr. Talmadge preached at the Brooklyn tabernacle Sunday morning on the text from Jeremiah xxviii, 16: "This year thou shalt die."

Jeremiah, accustomed to saying bold things, addresses Hananiah in these words. They prove true. In 60 days Hananiah had departed this life.

This is the first Sabbath of the year. It is a time for review and for anticipation. A man must be a genius at stupidity who does not think now. The old year died in giving birth to the new, as the life of Jane Seymour, the English queen, departed when that of her son, Edward VI., dawned. The old year was a queen. The new shall be a king. The grave of one and the cradle of the other are side by side. We can hardly guess what the child will be. It is only two days old, but I prophesy for it an eventful future. Year of mirth and madness! Year of pageant and conflagration! It will laugh; it will sing; it will groan; it will die.

Is it not a time for earnest thought? The congratulations have been given. The Christmas trees have been taken down, or have well-nigh cast their fruit. The friends who have came for the holidays are gone in the rail-train. While we are looking forward to another twelve months of intense activities, the text breaks upon us like a bursting thunderhead. "This year thou shalt die!"

The text will probably prove true of some of us. The probability is augmented by the fact that all of us who are over 35 years of age have gone beyond the average of human life. The note is more than due. It is only sufferance that it is not collected. We are like the debtor who is taking the "three days' grace" of the banks. Our race started with 300 years for a life time. We read of but one antediluvian youth whose early death disappointed the hopes of his parents by his dying at seven hundred and seventy-seven years of age. The world then may have been ahead of what it is now, for men had so long a time in which to study, and invent, and plan. If an artist or a philosopher has forty years for work, he makes great achievements; but what must the artists and philosophers have done who had nine hundred years before them? In the nearly two thousand years before the flood, considering the longevity of the inhabitants, there may have been nearly as many people as there are now. The flood was not a freshet, that washed a few people off a plank, but a disaster that may have swept away a thousand million. If the Atlantic ocean, by a lurch of the earth to-night, should drown the other hemisphere, leaving alive as many beings as could be got in one or two ocean steamers, it would give you an idea of what the ancient flood was.

I advise that you be busy in Christian work. How many Sabbaths in the year? Fifty-two. If the text be true of you, it does not say at what time you may go, and therefore it is unsafe to count on all of the fifty-two Sundays. As you are as likely to go in the first half of the year as in the last half, I think we had better divide the fifty-two into halves and calculate only twenty-six Sabbaths. Come, Christian men, Christian women, what can you do in twenty-six Sabbaths? Divide the three hundred and sixty-five days into two parts; what can you do in one hundred and eighty-two days? What, by the way of saving your family, the church, and the world? You will not, through all the ages of eternity in heaven, get over the dishonor and the outrage of going into glory, and having helped none up to the same place. You will be found that many a Sabbath school teacher has taken into heaven her whole class, that Daniel Baker, the evangelist, took thousands into heaven; that Doddridge has taken in hundreds of thousands: that Paul took in a hundred million. How many will you take in? If you get into heaven, and find none there that you sent, and there are none to come through your instrumentality, I beg of you to crawl under some seat in the back corner, and never come out, lest the redeemed get their eyes on you, and some one cry out: "That is the man who never lifted hand or voice for the redemption of his fellows! Look at him, all heaven! Better be busy. Better put the plow in deep. Better say what you have to say quickly. Better cry the alarm. Better fall on your knees. Better lay hold with both hands. What you now leave undone for Christ will forever be undone. "This year thou shalt die!"

I go to announce that Christ, the Lord, stands ready to save any man who wants to be saved. He waited for you all last year, and all the year before, and all your life. He has waited for you with blood on his brow, and tears in his eye, and two outstretched, mangled hands of love.

You come home some night and find the mark of muddy feet on your front steps. You hasten in, and find an excited group around your child. He fell into a pond, and had it not been for a brave lad, who plunged in and brought him out, and carried him home to be resuscitated, you would have been childless. You feel that you cannot do enough for the rescuer. You throw your arms around him. You offer him any compensation. You say to him, "Anything that you want shall be yours. I will never cease to be grateful." But my Lord Jesus sees your soul sinking, and attempts to bring it ashore, and you not only refuse him thanks, but stand on the beach and say, "Drop that soul! If I want it saved. I will save it myself."

I wish you might know what a job Jesus undertook when he carried your case to Calvary. They crowded him to the wall. The struck him. They spat on him. They kicked him. They scoffed him. They scourged him. They murdered him. Blood! blood! As he stoops down to lift you up, the crimson drops upon you from his brow, from his side, from his hands. Do you not feel the warm current on your face? Oh, for thee, the hunger, the thirst, the thorn-sting, the suffocation, the darkness, the groan, the struggle, the death!

A great plague came in Marseilles. The doctors held a consultation, and decided that a corpse must be dissected, or they would never know how to stop the plague. A Dr. Guyon said, "To-morrow morning I will proceed to a dissection." He made his will; prepared for death; went into the hospital; dissected a body; wrote out the results of the dissection, and died in twelve hours. Beautiful self-sacrifice, you say. Our Lord Jesus looked out from heaven, and saw a plague-stricken race. Sin must be dissected. He made his will giving everything to his people. He comes down into the reeking hospital of earth. He lays his hand to the work. Under our plague he dies—the healthy for the sick, the pure for the poluted, the innocent for the guilty. Behold the love! Behold the sacrifice! Behold the rescue!

Decide, on this first Sabbath of the year, whether or not you will have Jesus. He will not stand forever begging for your love. With some here his plea ends right speedily. "This year thou shalt die."

This great salvation of the gospel I now offer to every man woman and child. You cannot buy it. You cannot earn it. A Scotch writer says that a poor woman, one cold winter's day, looked through the window of a king's conservatory, and saw a bunch of grapes hanging against the glass. She said, "Oh, if I only had that bunch of grapes for my sick child at home!" At her spinning wheel she earned a few shillings and went to buy the grapes. The king's gardener thrust her out very roughly and said he had no grapes to sell. She went off and sold a blanket and got some more shillings and came back and tried to buy the grapes. But the gardner roughly assaulted her and told her to be off. The king's daughter was walking in the garden at the time and she heard the excitement, and seeing the poor woman said to her, "My father is not a merchant, to sell, but he is a king and gives." Then she reached up and plucked the grapes and dropped them into the poor woman's apron. So Christ is a king, and all the fruits of his pardon he freely gives. They may not be bought. Without money and without price take this sweet cluster from the vineyards of God.

I am coming to the close of my sermon. I sought for a text appropriate for the occasion. I thought of taking one on Job: "My days fly as a weaver's shuttle;" of a text in the Psalms: "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom;" of the prayer of the vine-dresser: "Lord, let it alone this year also;" but pressed upon my attention first of all, and last of all, and above all, were the words, "This year thou shalt die."

Perhaps it may mean me. Though in perfect health now, it does not take God one week to bring down the strongest physical constitution. I do not want to die this year. We have plans and projects on foot that I want to see completed; but God knows best, and he has a thousand better men than I to do the work yet undone. I have a hope that, notwithstanding all my sins and wanderings, I shall, through the infinite mercy of my Savior, come out at the right place. I have nothing to brag of by way of Christian experience; but two things I have learned—my utter helplessness before God, and the all-bounding grace of the Lord Jesus. If the text means some of you, my hearers, I do not want you to be caught unprepared. I would like to have you, either through money you have laid up, or a "life insurance," be able to leave the world feeling that your family need not become paupers. But if you have done your best, and you leave not one dollar's worth of estate you may confidently trust the Lord who hath promised to care for the widow and the fatherless. I would like to have your soul fitted out for eternity, so that if, any morning, or noon, or evening, or night of these three hundred and sixty-five days, death should look in and ask, "Are you ready?" you might, with an outburst of Christian triumph answer, "Ay, ay! all ready."

The sooner the last hour comes the better if we are fitted for entrance in the celestial world. There is no clock in heaven because it is an everlasting day; yet they keep an account of the passing years, because they are all the time hearthing from our world. The angels flying through heaven report how many times the earth has turned on its axis, and in that way the angels can keep a diary; and they say it is almost time now for father to come up, or for mother to come up. Some day they see a cohort leaving heaven, and they say, "Whither bound?" and the answer is, "To bring up a soul from earth;" and the question is asked, "What soul?" A family circle in heaven find that it is one of their own number that is to be brought up, and they come out to watch, as on the beach we now watch for a ship that is to bring our friends home. After a while the cohort will heave in sight, flying nearer and nearer, until with a great clang the gates hoist, and with an embrace, wild with the ecstacy of heaven, old friends meet again. Away with your stiff, formal heaven! I want none of it. Give me a place of infinite and eternal sociality. My feet free from the clods of earth I shall bound the hills with gladness and break forth in a laugh of triumph. Aha! aha! We weep now, but then we shall laugh. "Abraham's bosom" means that heaven has open arms to take us in. Now we fold our arms over our heart and tell the world to stand back, as though our bosom was a two-barred gate to keep the world out. Heaven stands not with folded arms, but with open heart. It is "Abraham's bosom." I see a mother and her child meeting at the foot of the throne after some years' absence. The child died years ago, but it is a child yet. I think the little ones who die will remain children through all eternity. It would be no heaven without the little darlings. I do not want those that are in heaven to grow up. We need their infant voices in the great song. And when we walk out in the fields of light, we want them to run ahead, and clap their hands, and pick out the brightest of the field flowers. Yes, here is a child and its mother meeting, the child long in glory, the mother just arrived. "How changed you are, my darling," says the mother. "Yes," says the child, this is such a happy place; and Jesus has taken such care of me, and heaven is so kind, I got right over the fever with which I died. The skies are so fair, mother! The flowers are so sweet, mother! The temple is so beautiful, mother! Come, take me up in your arms as you used to." Oh, I do not know how we shall stand the first day in heaven. Do you not think we will break down in the song from over-delight? I once gave out in church the hymn.

> There is a land of pure delight,
> Where saints immortal reign,

and an aged man standing in front of the pulpit sang heartily the first verse, and then he sat down weeping. I said to him afterward, "Father Linton, what made you cry over that hymn?" He said, "I could not stand it—the joys that are coming." When heaven rises for the doxology, I cannot see how we can rise with it all these waves of everlasting delight come upon the soul, billow of joy after billow of joy. Methinks Jesus would be enough for the first day in heaven, yet before he approaches with all heaven at his back.

But I must close this sermon. This is the last January to some who are present. You have entered the year, but you will not close it. Within these twelve months your eyes will shut for the last sleep. Other hands will plant the Christmas tree and give the New Year's congratulations. As a proclamation of joy to some, and as a matter of warning to others, I leave in your ears these five words of one syllable each, "This year thou shalt die!"

The Most Pleasant Way

Of preventing the grippe, colds, headaches, and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing. To be healthful one must get the true remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles.

A SHOE VIOLIN.

Paganini Played His Most Difficult Music on a Wooden Sabot.

A Paris newspaper recently announced the sale of one of the most curious violins in the world. It formerly belonged to Paganini, the great violinist, and at first sight it merely presents the appearance of a misshapen wooden shoe. Its history is curious and not without interest.

During the winter of 1838 Paganini was living in Rue de la Victoria. One day a large box was brought there by the Normandy diligence, on opening which he found two inner boxes, and wrapped carefully in the folds of tissue paper a wooden shoe and a letter stating that the writer, having heard much of the wonderful genius of the violinist, begged, as a proof of his devotion to music, that Paganini would play in public on the oddly constructed instrument inclosed, says the Chicago *News*.

At first Paganini felt this to be an impertinent satire, and mentioned the facts with some show of temper to his friend, the Chevalier de Bardie. The latter took the shoe to a violin maker, who converted it into a remarkably sweet-toned instrument, and Paganini was pressed to try the shoe violin in public.

He not only did so, but performed upon it some of his most difficult fantasies, which facts, in the handwriting of the violinist, are now recorded on the violin itself.

Don't Have Yellow Piano Keys.

Clean piano keys with a soft rag dipped in alcohol.

DON'T DELAY TO

Stop that cough! Else the bronchial tubes will be enlarged and the delicate tissues of the lungs exposed to injury. No other medicine is so speedily operative in throat and lung troubles as **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.** A few doses have been known to break up an obstinate and distressing cough. Sufferers from asthma, bronchitis, croup, consumption, sore throat, and whooping cough find a sure relief in the use of this preparation. It soothes the inflamed membrane, promotes expectoration, and induces repose. Try Don't be without it in the house. Sallie E. Stone, Hurt's store, Va., writes: "I have found, in my family, that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was always a certain cure for colds and coughs."

"Five years ago I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and had been given up by my physicians. I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and was completely cured."—Anga A. Lewis, Ricard, N. Y.

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

The Camp Fire.

☞Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, or recriminations, or abuse; but we do want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life.

Echoes From Co. C.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—As I stated in my last "echo," the comrades who have "been there" need hardly be told of the infernal din two regiments of volunteers can make after their first victory. Those noisy scamps moved on up the Tennessee river next morning, and our officers drew a long breath of relief. I heard afterwards that there was an extra guard placed at the headquarters tent during the night. The survivors of those regiments, the 8th Mo. and 11th Ind., I know will be very sorry when they learn how they frightened our stiff-back ed gentry. In a few days several companies, among them Companies C and M, with Captain Lower, Company A, in command, were sent on a kind of foraging expedition, ten or fifteen miles from camp. The object was to find forage for our horses. This is one of the forays of which I was heartily ashamed. I did not think at the time we had the shadow of an excuse for the vandalism perpetrated, except that it was our captain's orders. Some twelve miles west of our camp we come upon a plantation, on which we found everything needed in the way of forage—hay, fodder and corn in abundance. When the wagons were loaded, Capt. Lower said to all in hearing.

"Now, boys, there is one wagon more to be loaded; you may load it with hogs, chickens and sheep; in fact, shoot anything you find, except the niggers. What we want is fresh meat. The niggers are all right, but they would hardly make good meat."

We were all somewhat astonished at such an order. It was supposed, of course, that the owner was with the rebels, yet there was a family there of women and children, and such wholesale destruction I could not help but view as vandalism.

I spoke to our lieutenant, Mathies, and asked him if he had authority for such wanton destruction as Capt. Lower had just ordered.

"Well, I don't know," was the reply of honest old double-eyes (as the boys called him, because he wore glasses). "Capt. Lower takes more on himself than I could. I will have nothing to do with it. We had no such orders; but of course he is in command."

By this time the boys were popping away at hogs, pigs, dogs and hens. Anything they met that would either try to run away or show fight, would get "saltvated." They kept this up for an hour; then the captain ordered the boys to collect the game and load the wagon. A squad of Co's A, B, G and M, some 60 or so together, came out of the brush, bringing a sheep, two hens and a squirrel. They came in by twos, threes and dozens, until all had reported. Three pigs, thirteen chickens, one goose, one sheep and a squirrel were reported to Capt. Lower. A madder man than Captain Lower would be hard to find. He abused everybody.

"Why, blast you," he yelled, "I expected you to kill enough hogs to supply the regiment ten days, at least!"

"I did not suppose that we were the regimental butchers," remarked one of our boys.

"What's that you say? Who asked you to say anything? You, sir, are supposed to obey your officers. If we tell you to shoot men, don't you know that you must do it? Not to mention a few hogs!"

The captain was then pointing his remarks at one of the boys of our company—Alba Brown—who very quietly answered:

"Yes, captain, under certain circumstances we are to obey; but even a private can distinguish the difference between a man and a hog!"

A yell followed Sergt. Brown's reply, which caused the captain to fairly fume, and in anger he shouted:

"No, sir; I tell you a private is not supposed to know anything; he is here to obey his officers, and if we tell him to shoot hogs or men, it is all one to him. His duty is to obey; the consequences of the shooting rest with the officer giving the order!"

"You may be right, captain, in a military sense, but I warn you now that volunteers are not regulars. When you order a thing done by our privates, if they are justified in it, or if it is right for them to do it, it will be done cheerfully; but, captain, if you should be silly enough to order Co. C to do an unlawful action, they would not do it. No, sir; if General Grant himself ordered us to shoot a man, he would have to explain what for, or it would not be done. That's the kind of hair-pins Co. C boys are, and don't you forget it!"

Capt. Lower's face was a study. For a few seconds I feared he might shoot our sergeant. Several others felt the same way. Glancing along the line, the captain was horrified, as he afterwards expressed it, to see men holding revolvers in their hands.—DAN KNIGHT.

(To be Continued.)

Turchin and the Cabbage.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—With all the dark and dismal results and happenings of war there are many humorous and ludicrous incidents to relieve the monotony. One of those humorous happenings occurred here "endurin' the late onpleasantness."

Several of our old and prominent men—men of affairs—were discussing the political situation. Among the number was an old and honored Israelite. The sentiment that prevailed was Union. The old Hebrew had left the group and was crossing the street. When near the middle, he stopped and looked up the street and discovered a large cavalcade of rebel troopers. He rushed back to the small knot of citizens and exclaimed in an impressive manner:

"Shentlemen! Shentlemen! de polidies of dish town has got to change Gott dam gwick!"

They changed.

* * * *

Here is a good one on that old Russian, Gen. Turchin. While encamped at H., a citizen went to him and complained of his men "stealing" a large number of cabbages. Gen. Turchin, in tones not the most pleasant, said:

"Shteal! My men shteal! No, sir! By Gott, sir, dere ish no Gott d—m tief in my command! How big was dose gabbages?"

The citizen showed him.

"Well, by Gott, you raise bigger gabbage, den dey von't dake so many! Und I vont to dell you dat my men dakes shust vot dey vant, but by Gott, sir, dey don't shteal!"

* * * *

Boys, "chunk up the embers," keep the "fire" ablaze. The ranks are getting thinner. You, who carried the guns, and we, who carried messages, are growing older, and the silver is appearing. "Chunk 'er up, boys, chunk 'er up!"

* * * *

Uncle Dan Knight, I hear, will soon be "housed" in Sunny California, and I know the "boys" all extend hearty wishes for his return to health.

* * * *

Fred Rogge, come out of your "fly," and give us one. Don't be selfish.—BUB.

Can't Locate Him.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I read in a recent issue of THE BLADE a very interesting article entitled, "One of the Deluded," said article detailing an interview between the writer thereof, and a wounded rebel officer, in an old barn used as a hospital, at or near Gettysburg, Pa., immediately after the dreadful battle of that place, in July, 1863. The sketch referred to seems to have been written by J. J. Ambler, of Co. F, 13th Iowa, V. V. I.

Now, as I have by me the full statistics of the organizations engaged in that battle, I know that Iowa had no troops present on that field, and the question presented to my mind is this: Is the comrade giving that incident as a part of his own experience, or that of some one else? Or was he there as a member of some other regiment, (at the time) than the one mentioned above? Now, if Comrade Ambler will kindly do so, I will be pleased to know the facts, so that I may be able to "locate" the command to which he belonged, in the "statistics" before mentioned. I take great interest in all the participants in that bloody struggle, from the fact of having an only brother there, who had two horses killed under him, and barely came out alive at the close. On this ground I trust that Comrade Ambler will have no hesitation in gratifying a pardonable curiosity.—W. L. GARDNER, Co. K, 110th, O. V. I.

They Got the Mules.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In September, 1863, while on the march from Vicksburg (the day we marched by Mussel Shoals, on the Tennessee river, in the morning,) Amon Park, acting quartermaster, came to me and said he wished I would take Frank Biby, our wagon master, and one or two others, and see if I couldn't find some mules. Court Milner, Frank and myself, started on a diagonal road running southeast to Mussel Shoals. We took a road running south to the Shoals. After going about one mile we come in sight of rebel smoke on the Shoals, where they were guarding rebel stock.

Being opposite a barn Frank ran into it and found three halters. I told the boys I thought we had better get out of there at once, and we went out. When we reached the road running parallel with the one our troops were marching on, and just four miles south, we met an old man who was so very nice and pleasant. About a quarter of a mile farther on, we came to his mansion. We rode in and found an old darkey. We asked him if he was the man that took care of the stock.

"No, sir; he be on the odder side ob de house."

We found him and Frank says:

"Are you the man that takes care of the stock?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where are the mules?"

"Hid out down in de woods."

"Well, you go and show them to us."

"No, sir; massa kill me if I do."

"If you don't, I will shoot you."

"No, massa, me go; don't shoot."

We had started off in such a hurry when we left our command that we took no arms with us. We had no weapons larger than jack-knives. The old darkey led the way to the woods, where we found ten or fifteen mules, besides several horses, and the congenial old man that we had met, with them.

"What you fellows doing here?"

"We are after mules, and we have found some nice ones."

"But you take one of those mules you will die before you leave this plantation."

I told him that if he did not help drive those mules up to the barn I would shoot him on the spot. He took me at my word, and helped drive the mules. We got them into the barnyard. Frank caught the mules, put halters on them, and Court brought them to me, and I tied them together ready for the march. We haltered six mules, using all the halters we had.

Then I took the bridle off my horse, telling Frank to put it on a dun or clay-bank mare in the yard. When Frank attempted to bridle the mare, the old rebel who had been talking to me began to beg, saying:

"Oh, don't take that mare; it is the only beast on the plantation that my daughter can ride!"

Frank asked me what he should do. I turned to the old Johnny and said:

"You say, old man, that you have sent for a squad of rebs to take us in—is that true?"

"Yes, sir, it is," answered the reb.

"Put the bridle on the mare," I ordered; "he can get her when he gets the rest."

The mare was a bird of a horse to trot or run. I put my saddle on her, and told Court and Frank to go ahead and lead, and I would follow behind and whip up. We made the darkey go down about 40 rods and open a gate. I offered to give the old man a receipt for the stock, but he wouldn't accept one from the United States.

The old darkey said a rebel lieutenant and three men had eaten dinner there about 2 p. m. We were there about 3 p. m., I think. He said that "massa" had sent for a squad to take us in. "Dat big mule will follow, let me drive him out." He did so, and we had seven nice large mules, the smallest 14 hands high. We went just as fast as we could make our stock go. When we got into the road, just in rear of Gen. Sherman's body guard, we looked back up the lane we had come down through, and saw a squad of rebel cavalry about one-half mile behind us; but we got through all safe and sound, and Gen. Sherman complimented us for what we had done that day.—G. A. HOVEY, 17th Iowa, V. V. Luft.

Owen Wright, A. M., M. D., D. D.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—The subject of this sketch was born in Indiana, Feb. ruary 16, 1835. At the age of 4 years and 6 months he was placed in school, where he remained till he received a classical education. In company with his parents he migrated to Illinois in the year 1852. He also graduated from Rush Medical college, Chicago, February 17, 1858. During the late war he and five brothers volunteered their services as patriots and warriors to battle for the right. The doctor was commissioned by Gov. Yates to the 125th Reg't. Ill. Vol. He was in company with Gen. Sherman and Gen. Harrison from Atlanta to the sea. When the rebels surrendered, and Gen. Grant laid his hand on Gen. Lee's sword, Dr. Wright returned home, and resumed the practice of his profession. He is and has been an untiring student. He has also pursued an elaborate course of study in theology and law. He is an acknowledged linguist, and is recognized as one of the most brilliant rhetoricians and orators in our state. He has been editor of a number of papers, and is the author of ten different works. This year, one of our colleges conferred upon him the degree of D. D. He has been industrious, and has accumulated some wealth. He is one of the grandest platform speakers in our country. No gentleman is more reputable where he is known.—A SUBSCRIBER.

"One Day More."

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Comrade Silas Noland was a member of Co. C, 14th Ind. Infty., and serving with him were three brothers and two nephews, making six Nolands in the same company. Silas is the only survivor of the six. The story of the eldest brother is truly pathetic. The time for which he had enlisted expired, and he received his discharge from the service on the morning of the battle of the Wilderness. He placed his discharge in his pocket, and turning to his comrades, said:

"Boys, I am going to stay with you one more day, and see you through this fight."

Picking up his musket, he fell into ranks with the others; but before the battle had fairly commenced, the brave man fell, with a bullet through his brain.

The anguish of his waiting wife—who had been apprised of her husband's looked-for return home, and when she learned that after he was free, and at liberty to go to his loved ones, his loyal heart yet impelled him to give one more day's service to his country—can scarcely be imagined. Yet this is but one instance among hundreds of the kind.—SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

The 8th Iowa at Shiloh.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In THE BLADE of Dec. 17, O. P. Myrick, of the 61st Ills., under the head of "Which is Right?" makes inquiry as to the position of the 8th and 16th Iowa Regs. on the day before and also on the day of the battle of Shiloh. If my memory serves me correctly, and I think it does, my regiment, the 8th Iowa, was on the field of Shiloh several days before the battle. It was first called about 9 o'clock in the morning, to support a battery situated on a little knoll, back in the timber, on the left hand side of the road leading to Shiloh church, and about 40 yards from an open field, in which, at the farther end, was a rebel battery. From here we were ordered to the left and relieved the 14th Iowa, and in a few minutes we were stoutly engaged in what the Rebel's called the "Hornets' Nest." The 16th Iowa, I think, arrived at Pittsburg Landing the evening before the battle, and were given their arms the next morning.—S. MACKENZIE, Co. C, 8th Iowa Inft.

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

The Sunday School.

Overcome With Wine.

LESSON III, SUNDAY, JANUARY 17, 1892.

Golden Text: Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 20:1.

LESSON TEXT.

1. Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower, which are on the head of the fat valleys of them that are overcome with wine!

2. Behold, the Lord hath a mighty and strong one, which as a tempest of hail and a destroying storm, as a flood of mighty waters overflowing, shall cast down to the earth with the hand.

3. The crown of pride, the drunkards of Ephraim, shall be trodden under feet:

4. And the glorious beauty, which is on the head of the fat valley, shall be a fading flower, and as the hasty fruit before the summer; which when he that looketh upon it seeth, while it is yet in his hand he eateth it up.

5. In that day shall the Lord of hosts be for a crown of glory, and for a diadem of beauty, unto the residue of his people.

6. And for a spirit of judgment to him that sitteth in judgment, and for strength to them that turn the battle to the gate.

7. But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment.

8. For all tables are full of vomit and filthiness, so that there is no place clean.

9. Whom shall he teach knowledge? and whom shall he make to understand doctrine? them that are weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts.

10. For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little:

11. For with stammering lips and another tongue will he speak to this people.

12. To whom he said, This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest; and this is the refreshing; yet they would not hear.

13. But the word of the Lord was unto them precept upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little and there a little; that they might go, and fall backward, and be broken, and snared, and taken.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Woe to them that are overcome by wine! (v. 1). It is wine, the pure juice of the grape, the wine of a vine-growing country, that is here warned against. There may be liquors that do more harm than native wines, but there is nothing said about them in this special warning. The prophets saw the danger of being overcome with the native wine of Palestine, and by inspiration they uttered a warning against the danger. From the days of Noah, when the "good, old-fashioned, home-made wine" made the worthy patriarch so disgustingly drunk, down to the days when an orthodox preacher, or a zealous Sunday school teacher, puts pure wine on his table as a source of peril to himself, to his wife, to his children, and to his guests, there has been a crying danger of being overcome with wine. You and I ought to be on the watch against that danger. If we know any better guard than total abstinence, by all means let us try it.

The crown of pride of the drunkards of Ephraim shall be trodden under foot: a crown of glory (vs. 3, 5). Drunkenness was a curse among primitive people in the East, and Christianity has not made drunkenness anything else than a curse among people of the highest civilization in the West. Yet in the olden time the drinking habit which led to drunkenness was looked upon as an accompaniment of the higher social life; and there are those who take the same view of it today, ruining the risk of becoming drunkards by the use of wine and strong drink as a means of showing that they belong to "good society." But the crown of pride of drunkards shall be trodden under foot. Let us see to it that the crown we seek is not "the crown of pride" of the drunkards, but the "crown of glory" that the Lord gives to those who are faithful in his service.

The priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are gone astray through strong drink (v. 7). Wine was bad enough in the olden time. It made drunkards. But strong drink was worse. The weaker drinks and the stronger drinks that had in them the possibility of making drunkards were alike a curse to all classes of society, from the lowest to the highest, or from the highest to the lowest, and no religious surroundings or position of moral responsibility kept a man from the peril of going astray through this agency of evil. Things are certainly no better nowadays. The judge, or the theological professor, or the preacher, or the other man, whoever he is, who drinks wine, or who drinks stronger drinks than wine, is in danger of becoming a drunkard, or of erring in vision, or of stumbling in judgment, before he is known as a drunkard. The only man who is beyond all danger of becoming a drunkard is the total abstainer.

Whom will he teach knowledge? and whom will he make to understand the message? them that are weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts? For it is precept upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, there a little (vs. 9, 10). How like our modern drinkers were those old Israelitish liquor-swiggers! When the preacher talked about the curse of drunkenness, and the evils of wine and stronger drink, the men who prida themselves on the quantity and quality of their liquors wanted to know why that old fellow was talking about something he didn't understand. "Does he think us babies?" they asked. "Is he giving us an infant-class lesson? He's saying the same thing over and over again, as if we didn't understand it the first time." We could almost think that these were modern "dudes," or "society men," sneering at the wise warnings of their pastor on the dangers of social drinking. There isn't so much difference, after all, between the drinking class of twenty five centuries ago and the drinking class of to-day. And the truth of God has the same obstacles to overcome, and the same sneers to meet, now as then.—[H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.

Recognition.

I dreamt we two were once, in eons past,
As we are now, twin lovers bound by tie;
That had their source 'neath unremembered skies—
Perchance in alien stars that swept the vast
Profound, before the teeming earth was cast,
All swathed in fire, from Nature's mold, to rise
In distant eras on some planet's eyes,
A new-found wanderer in th' eternal waste.
But separations were: from sphere to sphere,
From life to life, companionless, apart,
We drifted on, each lost to each, though still
In love's continuous orbit held until
The cycle is complete: heart answers heart,
And once again we know each other here.
—[St. George Best, in Kate Field's Washington.

Paper Trunks That Last.

Trunks are now made of paper pulp that has been subjected to great pressure, in the same manner as the material used for the manufacture of paper car wheels. Owing to the tenacity of the paper it is practically impossible to injure a trunk made of this material.

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Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

COUNTRY JOURNALISM.

Some of the Trials and Tribulations of the One-Horse Editor.

The labors of the editor-in-chief of the little village newspaper forty-five years ago were mostly directed to maintaining its little subscription list, writes Col. McClure in *Lippincott's*. Every subscriber was personally known to the editor-in-chief. He came in personal contact with them during court weeks, circuses, militia parades, etc., when they would wander into the town and occasionally drop in to pay their subscriptions or make a close barter to pay for the same in country produce, including wood, potatoes, turnips, cabbages, etc. The rural readers of that day were a frugal set, and the question of spending $1.50 for a newspaper was often a matter of the gravest consideration, and frequently required the employment of all the eloquence the editor-in-chief could command to prevent subscribers from stopping their paper when they came to pay their bills. The good old rule prevailed, and was flaunted under the editorial head of the paper, that, under the decision of the Postoffice department, "no newspaper could be discontinued until all arrearages are paid." As an illustration of the important labors of the editor-in-chief of that day, I might mention one typical case of a reluctant subscriber who, after trying the paper for six months, brought in a small load of half-rotted wood in payment of the 75 cents due for his subscription and ordered his paper stopped. After much persuasion I succeeded in getting a suspension of judgment on the subject until he should come into town again. When he returned some days thereafter he said that he had consulted the women folk about the matter and they had concluded that they would continue another six months during the winter season, "as the papers were very convenient for tying up apple-butter crocks."

A Diamond Fraud.

Whitened Cape diamonds have been sold lately in Belgium at prices much above their value. A French chemist finds out that on being dipped in a weak aniline solution the diamonds lose their yellowish tinge, and appear as pure white as the Indian or Brazilian. A bath of nitric acid will show the fraud, or a little alcohol.

The casting out of the devil of disease was once a sign of authority.

Now we take a little more time about it and cast out devils by thousands—we do it by knowledge.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1892.

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ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 112,000.

CAUTION.

The Weekly BLADE does not club with the *Farm and Home*, of Springfield, Mass., this year. The offer of last year was withdrawn long ago.

Should any subscriber send us $1.10 under it, we shall credit him with $1 for his yearly subscription to The Weekly BLADE, and return the 10 cents by mail.

The circular issued by *Farm and Home*, giving clubbing rates with the The Weekly BLADE, is not authorized by us.

1891'S RAILWAY BUILDING.

According to the *Railway Age's* estimate, the total of railway construction in the United States for the year 1891 was 4,168 miles, which makes the total mileage of the United States about 171,000 miles. It will be interesting to compare the construction of 1891 with that of previous years:

1882	11,569	1887	12,878
1883	6,743	1888	7,066
1884	3,924	1889	5,796
1885	2,962	1890	5,739
1886	8,018	1891	4,168

During the last year Pennsylvania built the most track, her total being 360 miles; then follow Georgia, with 237 miles; Washington, 228 miles; South Carolina, 212 miles; New York, 198 miles; and Montana, Virginia and West Virginia with 188 miles each. No new track was laid in Connecticut, Delaware, Nevada or Mississippi. The report shows that conservative views rule in the extension of our railway system, and that the building of lines through unproductive sections is now let severely alone. As a rule, none is built that is not likely to be productive to the builders from the very start, or which is not necessary to make connections with some other line, thus giving a new outlet. In point of fact, the railroad building of 1891 was confined to branches or short extensions of existing lines, and the average length of each new line constructed was only 16.7 miles.

ONCE again will the free trade theorists rave because of the success of reciprocity negotiations. Secretary BLAINE has just made an arrangement with the British minister at Washington which brings into the fold the British West India colonies of Jamaica, Barbadoes the Leeward and Windward islands (except Grenada), Trinidad, and British Guiana. The arrangement is to go into operation with the West India colonies on February 1, and with British Guiana on April 1. A long list of articles are enumerated which can be imported into these countries from the United States free of duty, and a supplementary schedule, applicable to Jamaica, in which another list is to be admitted at a reduction of duties imposed upon imports from all other countries of 25 to 50 per cent. Thus reciprocity goes marching on, despite the theories of free trade and the enmity of the Democrats.

THE Cleveland *Iron Trade Review* notes the remarkable fact that the average vessel of the great lakes is twice the size of the average vessel of the seaboard, and that the shipyards of the country in 1890 built 40 per cent more tonnage than was built on the seaboard. The need of a ship waterway from the lakes to the ocean does not require demonstration. The thing to consider is ways and means.

DAVID B. HILL thinks that CLEVELAND will decline to allow his name to come before the National Democratic convention this year for the Presidential nomination, as (HILL thinks) he knows he cannot win it. If HILL gets the nomination, his plan is to resign from the Senate and ask Governor FLOWER to appoint CLEVELAND to the Senate in his place. Nice scheme; but what does CLEVELAND say about it?

THE decision of the New York court of appeals in giving the control of the senate of that state to the Democratic party, has resulted in a number of contests brought by defeated Democratic candidates. It is a question how much of a majority the Democrats want in the legislature.

THE Democrats of the nation appear to be meditating the capture of the Presidency this year by desperate methods. The prospect of honest success at the polls is not alluring, and hence a resort to the "Michigan plan," which it is believed will be attempted in the state of New York also.

HON. JOHN M. LANGSTON says that if the Virginia Republicans would unite under a good white leader, they could easily carry the state this fall. MAHONE is a leader with all the qualities of a successful general, except that he is bitterly disliked by many in his own party.

THE Chicago *Journal* simply states a hard, cold fact when it says that "Deep water navigation has got to come between the sea shore and the great lakes. The best and cheapest route should be selected, and construction should commence at once."

ANOTHER conspiracy against the Czar has been discovered in Russian Poland. It should give his people a constitutional monarchy, and thus prevent conspiracies by affording constitutional methods of reforming abuses.

A CRISIS is approaching in Samoa. Before King MALIETOA has determined to crush the rebellion and run the government regardless of foreign interference. The year opens inauspiciously in several parts of the world.

BRITISH exports fell off during the year closed, while American experts increased. Have a care, John Bull, for prosperity is a conqueror not easily van-

The first name of the new Senator from Kansas, Mr. PERKINS, is not ELI, but he "got there" just the same.

The new Spanish tariff is strongly protective. A duty almost prohibitive has been put on sugar.

NORWAY'S PLAN OF RESTRICTING THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

In the December number of the *Nineteenth Century*, a monthly review published in London, the Earl of MEATH has an article on "The Diminution of Drunkenness in Norway," which contains facts of the highest importance to all interested in the solution of the drink problem. The Earl states the fact briefly when he says that only a few years ago drunkenness prevailed to a large extent in both Sweden and Norway; but that now both these countries, especially Norway, have, in a large measure, freed themselves from the clutches of the drink demon, with the happiest results.

The effort to emancipate the people from the curse started in the town of Gothenburg, in Sweden. There the municipal council is made the licensing authority, and fixes the number of licenses which it deems proper. But instead of issuing them to individuals, it grants a monopoly to an association of shareholders formed for the purpose, and which undertakes to conduct the trade in the interests of the public.

This monopoly is given for a number of years, and the municipal council retains full control over the operations of the society, fixes the number and location of the saloons, and all employes of the society are subject to its approval. The stockholders are precluded from making more than 5 per cent on the capital invested each year. All profits in excess of this are paid over to the municipal council, and used as part of the revenue raised by taxation.

The advantage of the Gothenburg plan is that neither company nor its hired saloonkeepers are interested in increasing the amount of drinking, at least beyond the amount of sales required to secure them the maximum rate of profit allowed—5 per cent. The salary of the saloonkeepers themselves is fixed by the municipal council, thus making them so far independent of the company. The disadvantage of the plan is that it makes it to the interest of selfish taxpayers to have the traffic increased in order that the profits shall be as much as possible above the 5 per cent, so as to decrease the tax burden as much as can be done.

The success of the Gothenburg experiment led to the adoption of a system on the same general lines for Norway, the strong lines of the Gothenburg plan being retained and the weak ones eliminated. In Norway the municipal councils fix the number of saloons which shall be licensed, and grant a monopoly of the traffic for a term, usually five years, to a company organized for the purpose. The council retains full control of the company's operations, as in the Gothenburg plan, and they must also have the royal sanction. The details of management of saloons are put in charge of a committee composed of a certain number of the shareholders of the company, selected by their fellows, and and a number of representatives of the municipal council. As in Gothenburg, the company is not allowed more than 5 per cent on the capital invested.

The great improvement over the Gothenburg plan is that the profits accruing above the 5 per cent allowed the company is not, in Norway, allowed to into the general revenue fund raised by taxation. No matter how great it may be, nor how heavy the taxes, not one penny of it can be used to reduce taxation. It is applied each year to helping deserving charities, benevolent associations, philanthropic institutions, etc., which are entirely dependent on the voluntary support of the public. Any institution or object which derives any money, no matter how little, from the funds raised by taxation, is excluded from all benefit. Hence the municipal councils can have no possible object in favoring the slightest extension of the traffic.

Local option exists in Norway, and when there is a majority opposed to licensing, prohibition is the rule. In 1890, there were but 59 towns and cities in the whole country which gave a majority for license; and where the traffic is allowed, it is under the restrictions of the plan outlined above. The regulations concerning saloons are extremely strict, and are enforced to the letter. The men employed in the saloons are uniformed, and each has his number on his collar. Persons under sixteen years of age are not allowed to be served with liquor under any pretext.

The amount of capital invested can not be increased by lavish expenditure in fitting up saloons. The bar fittings are all of the simplest and plainest. The rooms are kept absolutely clean. They are not allowed to have seats of any kinds, no private rooms, nor is there any convenience permitted to favor loitering, or using the saloons as places of social resort. It is plain that here is dealt one of the severest blows possible to the increase of drinking. The power of the saloon in this country lies largely in its being used as a place of common resort to pass away the time, and where men can meet and converse, or play cards or other games. All saloons are closed—and this provision is strictly carried out—at 5 o'clock on Saturday evenings, and on the evening before any church or other festival, and remain closed till 8 o'clock on Monday, or the day following the festival. The only hours they are allowed to be open are from 8 a. m. until 10 p. m.

The Earl of MEATH, in his article, says that the workings of the law since its passage, which was on May 3, 1871, show conclusively "that the vice of drunkenness in Norway has received a staggering blow, and that the consumption of ardent spirits is immensely reduced; while great financial results have been attained, to the benefit of deserving institutions, charities, and objects of public utility, which, but for the life thus given them, could not exist."

If the traffic in intoxicants is to be permitted, the Norwegian plan is thus shown, by its workings for twenty years, to be the best plan so far devised, and to have reduced the amount of drunkenness and the quantity of liquors consumed very materially. Of course, the objections remain that men who have the craving for Rum, and those whose willpower has been destroyed by the drink habit, have no possible relief; and that, even though much restricted by having the social element of the saloon largely eliminated, the opportunity still exists for the formation of the drink habit by young men. Prohibition is the only thing which can fully protect these and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE New York *Recorder*, pointing to the fact that all the low tariffs in our history have been followed by hard times, says: "Recourse to wage-protecting duties has been succeeded by industrial and commercial prosperity. If you want to prosper, do all you can to help the cause of protection to American industry during the eventful year now opening."

MR. SPRINGER don't seem opposed to "nepotism." He has just appointed his own son to the clerkship of the Ways and Means committee. Brer SPRINGER sees that the next House will be Republican, and is making hay while the sun shines.

A COTTON SURPLUS.

The planters of the South are in the same predicament as were the Western farmers a year ago—yes, and for several years before that. They have been devoting their every energy to the raising of cotton, not even making provision for the breadstuffs necessary for the subsistence of themselves and families, and many of them not raising the grain necessary for their horses and other live stock. There has, in consequence, been an over-production of cotton. More has been raised than the world required. The inevitable consequence has followed—cotton is cheaper than it ever was before, and is not a profitable crop. A correspondent of THE BLADE, writing from Arkansas, says that the planters there have not only not made money, but many of them have had to mortgage their possessions to enable them to live.

The cause of this is raising more cotton than there is required. But what is the remedy? One measure of relief is, that each planter shall grow his own breadstuffs, and food and forage for his domestic animals. This simple proviso ought to be ample to prevent any one of them from having to borrow money to provide himself and family with the necessaries of life. But it does not reach the low price of cotton. If the United States were the only cotton-producing country in the world, it might be possible for the planters, by concert of action, to keep production so close to consumption as to hold the price at a profitable figure. This, however, is not possible. To attempt it would only result in increasing the production of Egypt, India, and all other cotton-growing countries.

The thing to do is to increase the number of cotton consumers in our own country. Instead of remaining purely agricultural, the cotton sections should bestir themselves to introduce industrial establishments among their people. Every village in the whole cotton belt should be turned into a manufacturing community, with a population of wage-earners who are dependent for their food and other needs upon the agricultural community around them. Then planters would find that there is profit in something besides cotton; and the increase in the number of wage-workers in every town would mean that many more consumers of cotton in its manufactured form.

To state the remedy in more general terms, the manufacturing and consuming population should keep pace, in point of numbers, with the agricultural or producing population. The latter would find in the former customers, not only for their staple crops of breadstuffs, cotton and live stock, but for small fruits, poultry, garden stuff, and other like articles, which are far more profitable than what are known as staple crops; while the products of the industry of the former would find a market among the planters and farmers of the country. Such a combination of producers and consumers can only be found under an economic policy which holds the home market for home producers; that is to say, under a protective system.

CROSS-COUNTRY NAVIGATION.

Congressman J. LOGAN CHIPMAN, of Detroit, has a scheme which he intends introducing in the form of a bill in the present Congress, which is worthy of note. He proposes to have anywhere from $30,000,000 to $50,000,000 spent in making the Erie canal twenty feet deep, so that large lake vessels may sail from the inland seas to the seas of brine. He dares to breathe opposition to the trunk lines of railway and the Wall street millionaires who own them. He tells of the great reductions that would be made in price of Eastern manufactures sold in the West, and of the higher price of Western products sold in the East. His reasoning indicates that the canal will benefit only the West. Can he get the bill passed without the aid of Eastern Congressmen?

So far as the plan itself is concerned, it may be feasible, if gotten at in the right manner. No one doubts that it will greatly affect prices, but still, the benefit would accrue to the East as much as the West. It is a gigantic undertaking, and should it ever be accomplished, as Mr. CHIPMAN says it some time must be, it will be one of the triumphs of modern engineering and enterprise.

But alas, it is only a scheme. Hundreds like it have collapsed with their launching, and there is no hope held out that Mr. CHIPMAN'S will share a kinder fate. Its very incipiency is to be in a Congress whose policy is to slight the rivers and harbors and hoard up public wealth, in order to give the people the impression of economy.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA SATISFACTORY.

The following letters tell how well THE BLADE'S patrons are satisfied with the Revised Encyclopedia we offer with the paper:

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Jan. 1—EDITOR BLADE:—Received the set of encyclopedia sent me in good order and am well pleased with it.—JONATHAN NEFF.

HAZARD, Wash., Dec. 29.—EDITOR BLADE:—I received the Revised Encyclopedia Britannica all safe, and to say that I am pleased with them would be putting it very mild. They are fine and I am ever grateful to you for them. You can use my name as reference, if you like, for the books.—GEO. W. BROWN.

THE next important event of commanding interest in national politics is the speech of JAMES G. BLAINE, at a dinner in Boston on January 7. There are some people who expect Mr. BLAINE, on that occasion, to decline to be the Republican Presidential nominee next year. We fancy this expectation will be disappointed. Mr. BLAINE is hardly silly enough to decline that which has not been formally and properly offered him.

MICHIGAN Democrats are not a happy lot. After committing every sin possible against that state, they are now quarreling among themselves over the Soper affair and in speaking of each other use such terms as "dishonest hogs," "blackmailers," etc. The condition of affairs in Michigan is another proof of Democratic incompetency and dishonesty.

THE agitation in France over the new tariff law has subsided. The Frenchmen found that they were more frightened than hurt. A leading commercial paper of Paris, the *Exportation Francois*, says:

The McKinley tariff has not materially affected our commerce. The principal exports of France are articles of luxury, which America buys in spite of the increased duties.

"WESTWARD the course of empire takes its way." In 1880 the the West had 95 electoral votes; in the electoral college next year it will have 168 votes.

THE secretary of State of Michigan has a salary of $800 a year. Perhaps SOPER thought it necessary to steal enough to pay his board at Lansing.

ELMIRA, New York, claims a freak in the form of a man whose skin is an inch thick. Let's see; DAVID B. HILL'S old home is in Elmira.

IT is figured out that 3 9-10 per cent of the business failures of the last year can be charged to a fraudulent disposition of property.

THE NEW BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

We have not offered a sewing machine in connection with the Weekly BLADE or three years past. There has, however, been a constant demand, and we long since saw the importance of getting one to use with the Weekly BLADE, but until now have been unable to find one good enough. But we have succeeded at last. We now have the best sewing machine ever offered with a paper, and one as good as the highest-priced machine ever put upon the market.

This machine is new, simple and perfect. It has a high arm, and every convenience for rapid and effective work found in any other machine now on the market. In point of fact, we believe it is not only equal to, but in advance of all others. We could not afford to offer it to our subscribers if it were not the best.

We might have made this announcement a little earlier, but we deemed it best to wait until everything was in perfect order, and we were ready to ship machines as soon as the order was received, thus avoiding all delay. We are now prepared to ship 50 machines per day, and by the holidays will undoubtedly have to do so.

The rate at which we offer it—$18 for the new Blade Sewing Machine and one copy of the Weekly BLADE for one year—is $4 cheaper than any machine offered with any other newspaper. Yet we are certain that our machine is worth double any other newspaper machine.

The most remarkable part of our offer is, that we give a machine free for 30 yearly subscribers to the Weekly BLADE, accompanied by $30. We do not require these these names all to be sent in at once. They may be sent us in installments, each part numbered consecutively. As soon as we have received 30 names and $30, we will immediately ship the machine.

It will be found extremely easy for any young lady, wife or mother to raise a club of 30 names at a dollar each, in a week or ten days' time. We also call the attention of charitable organizations to the fact that they can thus easily put a machine into the hands of any poor, worthy seamstress, too many of whom, unfortunately, are to be found in any community.

Everything about the new Blade Sewing Machine will be found exactly as represented in the advertisement given elsewhere. If it does not prove so after you get the machine, all you need do is notify us that the machine is not satisfactory. We shall then order it returned and refund the money, unless you desire us to send another in its place. Hence a subscriber is at positively no risk whatever.

We are selling this machine without any profit whatever, simply in the interest of increasing the subscription list to the Weekly BLADE. While the offer of the machine for 30 names and $30 will only net us a small amount for each subscription to the paper—much less than the cost—yet we hope for hundreds of such orders. We would much sooner sell the machine in that way than to single subscribers. Send in your orders at once!

SAVINGS BANK DEPOSITS.

The savings banks of New York and Brooklyn show a decrease in the amount of their deposits during the past year. This has given some of the ultra free trade papers a spasm, and they attempt to take the impossible position that this shows that the new tariff law has injured the working class. This is absurd. The wage rate has kept up, and the prices of the necessaries of life have not increased, but, on the contrary, have been lowered.

The real reason is, that part of the deposits have been withdrawn from the savings banks to be invested in building and loan associations, because they pay better interest rates, and part have been invested in the purchase of suburban houses and lots. One has only to go over the New York daily papers, especially the Sunday issues, and note the advertisements of village and suburban lots, sub-divisions, etc., to see that this is so. Hence the withdrawal of many from the savings banks is an indication of prosperity, instead of the reverse. Men who are suffering for the necessaries of life are not, as a rule, found buying lots, and erecting cottages thereon. The outlook is bright when workingmen are finding they can profitably employ their savings in this way to better advantage than by leaving them in bank.

SEND US NAMES!

We want a million names of persons who do not take THE BLADE, to whom we can send sample copies. We are receiving dozens of lists every day, but it takes a good many of them, even when they contain 100 to 200 names, to make a million. Send at once, that we may mail them copies with the first instalment of the new story.

THE total defalcations in the United States for the year 1891 is given as $30,000,000, in round numbers. This is an exhibit which may well make thoughtful men pause. There is something wrong with the moral development of a nation when personal honesty is at so low an ebb as would seem to be indicated by these figures. There is a lack of moral fibre in a man who can not handle money belonging to others without having his fingers itch to close over it. Is not there a lack of positive moral teaching in our homes and schools? The question is worth the consideration of social scientists.

FOR the five months ending September, 1890, the exports of steam engines and machinery from the United States to Brazil amounted to $223,376. For the corresponding period in 1891, the exports of the same articles to that country amounted to $1,299,020. Their increase is due to the Republican doctrine of reciprocity.

IF anything more is needed to show the unfairness of the Democratic gerrymander of Ohio's congressional districts, it can be found in studying the results of the recent election. MCKINLEY carried 54 of the 88 counties, but had pluralities in only seven of the 21 congressional districts.

OKLAHOMA is coming to the front as a wool territory. During the present summer $24,250 worth of wool was marketed there. The territory was opened to white settlers less than three years ago.

A YEAR ago there was no demand for steel rails. That business in this line is looking up is evidenced by the fact that already 600,000 tons of steel rails have been ordered for 1892.

WHAT is "tariff reform" going to mean in the coming Presidential campaign? Is it to mean tariff tinkering on the Springer plan, or tariff smashing on the Mills plan?

THE head of the Navy department denies war rumors, but preparations are going on as rapidly as possible at every navy yard for a possible brush with Chile.

THERE is no man so great that his place can not be easily filled.

ELECTRICITY ON CANALS.

The plan of applying electric propulsion to canal boats has been suggested before this, but not with that particularity of detail which characterizes the communication of ex-Assemblyman HICKMAN, of Buffalo, published in one of the papers of that city, in which he proposes to apply the trolley system to the navigation of the Erie canal. Mr. HICKMAN says:

With an "up" wire and a "down" wire boats could be moved easily and cheaply. The room necessary for an electric motor is small and no fuel-room is required. The weight of the motor is also small comparatively speaking. One boat could tow another and the cost of transportation be so reduced that, even with low freights, boatmen could live. I believe this would be profitable with the present method of generating electricity, but if the Niagara Falls power scheme should prove a success there would be a splendid return on the investments.

The scheme is certainly practical and practicable. A certain sum per mile for the use of electric power, fixed on a sliding scale based on whether the boat is laden or light, would repay the state for the expenses of running the plant; and, as the volume of tonnage increased, would eventually pay the cost of the entire installation. The cost of furnishing power from stations placed at regular intervals along the canal would not be so great as to be prohibitory, and the expense could be easily borne by the state.

Meanwhile, we rise to ask why the same plan could not be applied to the navigation of the Miami canal, and to the Ohio canal, in this state? The objection will at once be made that there is not enough navigation on either of these waterways to make it profitable. But would not the inauguration of such a policy by the state, involving, as it must, the permanent maintenance of the canals, speedily cause the construction of new boats, and a large and permanent increase of traffic? Why may there not be in this scheme the solution of the canal problem in this state?

WHY NOT AN AMBASSADOR?

The suggestion is made at Washington, and given in our special from that city, that a dignified and proper way of solving the Chilean difficulty would be to send one of our leading statesmen—a man like ex-Senator EDMUNDS, for instance—to Chile as ambassador, with plenipotentiary powers, not only to bring the present trouble to a satisfactory conclusion, but to negotiate a general treaty of the highest order with Chile.

We have only a commercial treaty with that country, and the negotiation of one of the highest rank, by a special envoy, clothed with the largest diplomatic powers, would not only be extremely gratifying to Chile, but would show to the world that the United States desires to deal in the most generous and honorable manner with that country. It would be in the line of the Monroe doctrine; for if we make it our policy to resist European aggressions on the republics to the south of us, it is altogether proper that we should take pains to settle our own disputes with them without refort to force.

The sending of an ambassador would in no wise be a yielding of any point not consistent with the national honor in the present trouble with Chile. It would show a desire for the strongest friendship and closest diplomatic relations, in so far as they can be had without a sacrifice of the national honor, and take away from our demand the offensive implication that we, possessing superior force, can compel compliance if they are not properly satisfied.

RENEW PROMPTLY!

Every subscriber to THE BLADE should renew his subscription promptly. No intelligent American citizen can afford to be without THE BLADE next year, during the great Presidential campaign. It is the only great national political weekly; its editorial pages are a mine of information and education on political issues, and it is read by men of both parties.

It is money in every man's pocket to be a subscriber to THE BLADE. There is not a subscriber but can save more than a dollar, or make more than that much, through the information contained in its pages. No intelligent man, with his wits about him, will dispute this fact.

Renew *in time!* Don't wait till the very last week of your subscription, and thus run the risk of missing a number or two.

A FEW weeks ago GARZA, with a handful of followers, was hunted through the wilds of Northern Mexico by native troops, and his attempts to incite insurrection were laughed at in contempt. Now he has risen to be a formidable menace to the government of that country. Thousands of discontented Mexicans have flocked to his banner, and his movement is taking shape as active rebellion against the constituted authorities of that country. There seems to be much discontent with the present government, and DIAZ is reckoned as more of a dictator than a constitutional president. We may look for interesting developments within the borders of our Southern neighbor in the near future.

THE New York *Times*, though it is free trade to the core, is obliged to admit the sound financial condition of the country, and that "prosperity prevails in the agricultural regions where there was, at the opening of the year, a good deal of distress." Yet the *Times* was dolefully prating of the terrible calamities that would come to the people because of the new tariff law. Why will men be so blind when the evidence is before their own eyes?

WILL some disciple of free trade have the kindness to enumerate a list of "the markets of the world" which are open to free trade? The list begins and ends with Great Britain. There is not another country in the world where trade is worth anything at all, that is not protectionist. And we should like to know, at the same time, how free trade could possibly increase our export trade to protectionist countries? We pause for a reply.

FIFTY-FIVE county clerks in Kansas, for the month of November, make statements showing a reduction in the amount of mortgages of $573,823, by the payment of the debts for which the mortgages were given. Behind these statements is the solid fact of the prosperity of the farming community, and the people are recovering from the losses they sustained during the years of overproduction of grain the world over.

A PHILADELPHIA firm has just completed arrangements in that city for the erection of the largest tin-plate factory in the United States. The announcements of new factories of this sort come with refreshing regularity, but the free trade tin plate liars are silent.

THE Cincinnati *Enquirer* calls attention to the remarkable fact that while the Christmas of 1891 came on a Friday, New Year's day came on Thursday. The bearing of this remark lies in the application of it, to quote the famous Capt. JACK BUNSBY.

THE RATIO MUST BE CHANGED.

MR. OTTOMAR HAUPT, an European bimetallist, whose views have been quoted before by THE BLADE, writes from Paris, where he resides, to the London *Financial Times*, expressing his great disappointment that England maintains so inflexible an attitude against bimetallism, as was indicated in the speech of Mr. GOSCHEN a few weeks ago. He adds the important information in his letter that Hungary "has now finally decided to adopt the single gold standard, for which purpose large purchases of the precious metal have been made." So the hope of bimetallism, at the present ratio between gold and silver, grows more dim continually.

In discussing this point, Mr. HAUPT declares that if an international conference should be held, it would only be possible to adopt bimetallism "on the basis of about the actual market value of silver." He declares that "neither the ratio of 1 to 15½, as in the Latin states, nor that of 1 to 16, as adopted by America, would stand a chance of forming the future basis of the establishment of universal bimetallism. And in this question of the choosing of the proper ratio are precisely centered the greatest difficulties."

The exhaustive discussions of the silver question within the last year or more has led THE BLADE to the conclusion that there is but one rational mode of reaching bimetallism in the United States; and that is by putting "a dollar's worth of silver in the silver dollar." Or to express the same idea in exact language, to change the coinage ratio from 1 to 16, to the market ratio, which is now in the neighborhood of 1 to 22.

This, of course, would be strenuously opposed by the silver-mine owners. But the object to be kept steadily in view is the benefit of the whole people, not that of a knot of mine-owners. With the coinage ratio brought to the market ratio, there would be not the slightest danger in giving unlimited free coinage to silver. And we do not doubt for an instant that, if the matter could be settled on common-sense business principles, this solution would be the one arrived at. So long as the question is made use of in party politics, it can not be reached except though the education of the people.

THEY LIKE THE BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

The new Blade Sewing Machine meets with universal favor. Below we give some of the letters we are receiving from those who have purchased machines:

HUNTLAND, TENN., Jan 1.—EDITOR BLADE:—The machine received and thoroughly tried. I am well pleased and think it is as good as the machines sold here for $40 and $50. I would not part with it for twice the amount given for it.—JAS. B. JOHNSON.

PADUCAH, KY., Dec. 29.—EDITOR BLADE:—The machine arrived last Thursday, and gives perfect satisfaction. It does perfect work, and I think you will get other orders from this place.

MARTINSBURG, W. V., Jan. 1.—EDITOR BLADE:—The machine arrived safe yesterday evening. Freight 60 cents. Please accept thanks. While I was disappointed in its non-arrival for Christmas, yet there is one happy little woman in West Virginia, for it was a complete surprise to my wife, as I had not told her any thing about its coming. To say we are more than pleased at the elegance of its finish would but feebly express our opinion, and you have our best wishes for the continued success of THE BLADE.—WM. M. HOLLIS.

GRAND RAPIDS, O., Jan. 2.—EDITOR BLADE:—We like the machine very well since we got used to it, and I can recommend it as a first class sewing machine.—GEO. BROTHEY.

URBANA, ILL., Jan. 1, 1892.—EDITOR BLADE:—Machine received in good order, and works nicely. There is only one thing not understood—how to lengthen the stitch; otherwise it is a daisy.—M. FOLEY.

The device by which the stitch length is changed on the new Blade Sewing Machine is one of the most ingenious, yet simple, pieces of mechanism ever seen on any sewing machine. There is a little lever on the bed-plate of the machine. Move it in one direction, and the stitch is lengthened; move it in the other, it is shortened. This may be done while the machine is running, or when it is stopped. The book of directions, which accompanies the machine, explains its use. There is nothing which needs doing with a sewing machine that is not amply provided for in the new Blade Sewing Machine, and we challenge anybody to find fault with it after they once become familiar with its workings, and understand how to regulate it.

MONTICELLO, Ind., Jan. 2.—EDITOR BLADE:—I received your card asking me to write you about the machines I intended to write you, and would have heard from me long before this, if the machine had not been satisfactory. I have used nearly all of the sewing machines that are in use, and can honestly say that I like the new Blade Machine as well as any of them. It does very nice work, is light and easy to handle, and I see no reason why it will not wear as long as any machine. And the best of all, it didn't cost half as much as if I had bought it of an agent here.—MRS. WILSON MCCULLOCH.

REPRESENTATIVE SAYRES, of Texas, a Democrat, the people of whose district are largely interested in wool raising, has been hearing from them. Speaking of the Springer plan of taking the duty off wool, Mr. SAYRES says:

I represent the largest wool district in the United States, and I will not vote for a bill placing wool on the free list, unless it also made a corresponding reduction in the manufactured articles. I could never hope for the approval of my constituents if I did. And it would be an outrage. My people would get less for their wool, and have to pay the old price for their woolen goods. A bill placing iron ore on the free list would meet with opposition on the same ground, unless the duty on the manufactured articles was correspondingly reduced.

MR. DICKERSON, who succeeded Mr. CARLISLE in Congress, is an ideal reformer. Imbued with the spirit of retrenchment in public affairs, he proposes to cut off the clerkships of thirteen House committees which, he claims, are merely ornamental, and have little or no business to transact. This is better than cutting down appropriations in other branches of public service.

The Providence *Journal*, which mugwumped in 1884, and has labored in the Democratic vineyard ever since, says: "Great is the capacity of the Democratic party for always doing the wrong thing at the right time for its opponents." The *Journal* speaks by the card, after seven years' experience. It might have found that out, however, without seven years' servitude.

THERE is a charming variety in the reports from Washington concerning the Chilean difficulty. One declares that war is not only possible but probable; the following one, that there is no foundation for any such statement. The reader is allowed, fortunately, to take his choice.

CONGRESSMAN MILLS continues to adhere to the doctrine of nullification, and after the holiday vacation he proposes to nullify the act of Speaker CRISP in making SPRINGER leader of the Democratic side of the House and place himself in that position.

THE St. Louis *Republic*, the Democratic organ of the West, calls Speaker CRISP a "peanut politician," because he placed forty-four of his supporters at the head of committees, and gave chairmanships to but nine of MILLS'S supporters.

IT is a fact never mentioned by any free trader that the new French tariff is much higher than our own. But it is a fact, nevertheless.

NO MAN is so great that his place can not be filled.

THE LAST CALL!

We Will Close the Voting for Presidential Preferences on January 16.

We will receive no votes for Presidential preferences that reach us later than

Saturday, January 16.

This will allow you to vote and get the postal card or letter to us by that time. The result so far has been very satisfactory in point of numbers, but we shall be glad to receive all the votes we can.

We ask for first and second choice for the *Presidency*. We are not collecting preferences for Vice President, for that nomination is always made on geographical grounds. If the President is from the East, a Western man is nominated for Vice President, and *vice versa*.

You can send your vote in a letter, if you are writing to us on any other subject; but use a separate slip of paper, and be sure to put your name and address on it, or the person in charge of the vote can not use it.

We can say with entire truth that no newspaper in the United States was more influential in the campaign of 1888, than the Toledo BLADE; and we propose making it even more conspicuous as an advocate of Republicanism in next year's conflict. We believe that a vote given by the immense constituency of The Weekly BLADE, which goes to every state in the Union, will be most valuable as showing the drift of public opinion regarding this matter. We ask, therefore, every reader of THE BLADE to send us his views. Take a postal card and answer upon it.

Write, 1, the name of your first choice for the Republican Presidential nomination;

2, the name of your second choice for the same office;

Sign your name, with your postoffice address and put nothing else upon the card. Address it simply "THE BLADE, Toledo, O." The card will then appear thus:

> SMITHVILLE, N. C., Nov. 5, 1891.
> 1.—Here put 1st choice.
> 2.—Here put 2d choice.
> HENRY W. JOHNSON.

Send us your postal card at once!

CHRIST'S MISSION.

A Methodist minister of Minneapolis has created a sensation in that good city by preaching a Christmas sermon which certainly is noteworthy in these days of indifference to dogma and creed. His topic was "CHRIST'S Mission," and his text St. MATTHEW'S definition of the name JESUS—"For he shall save his people from their sins." The ground he took was quite different from the ancient orthodox theory that CHRIST came to save souls from damnation—that is, from the penalties of sin.

Instead of this, he took the ground that CHRIST'S mission is not to save men from the consequences of sin, but to save them from sinning. That there is a clear distinction here is apparent at a glance. The speaker said that salvation from sin is not an indefinite something that comes all at one stroke, but it is that which will save us from the commission of sin; it is that which makes us stop our sinning.

In further explaining his views, he named a catalogue of more common sins, and declared that the practice of these is damnation; or, to generalize, that practicing sins is hell. The mission of Christianity is, therefore, to save men from the evil passions, thoughts and deeds which surround them with hell. This must, we think, abandon the old theory that hell is a place. He makes it a condition, and assumes that every sinner carries with himself his own particular hell of evil thoughts, desires and passions.

Furthermore, the reverend gentleman held that the Christian's mission is not to get saved, but to save others; that the true Christian goes forth as did CHRIST, to save the world from sin, not to get himself saved. This position, we must confess, is not entirely clear to us—probably because the Minneapolis *Tribune*, from which we obtain this synopsis of the sermon, did not give room to the preacher's exegesis thereof. If he holds that no one is a Christian save he who is so imbued with the spirit of CHRIST that the temptations of the flesh are no longer felt, then it is understandable; otherwise, the Christian is put in the position of in which the chief priests imagined CHRIST to be when they said, "He saved others; himself He cannot save."

The *Tribune* calls these views "a clear, simple and logical statement of the philosophy of Christianity," and commends the sermon as "a monument to the progress, logic and practicalness of Western Methodism and Christianity."

THE CHADOUINE AFFAIR.

The Chadouine affair, over which there is such a stir in Europe, arose over the expulsion of M. CHADOUINE, the correspondent of the Agence Havas, a new association having the same field as the Associated Press in this country, from Bulgaria. This was done by order of M. STAMBOULOFF, the Bulgarian premier, because CHADOUINE was too independent in his handling of the news, and paid too little attention to what STAMBOULOFF'S wishes might be as to the suppression or modification of news.

The consequences have been entirely out of proportion to the exciting cause. France has broken off all diplomatic relations with Bulgaria, and withdrawn all its consuls from the country; Russia is permitting its newspapers to use very offensive language in regard to the matter, and even to take an insulting tone toward the Bulgarian government; and Turkey, which is the suzerain of Bulgaria, is begging to be allowed to try its hand at its settlement.

The Bulgarian Premier has now in consequence a very pretty quarrel on his hands—one that may lead, in the end, to the gravest consequences. It may bring his own downfall, and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that it may lead to war.

OUR CONFIDENTIAL TERMS.

With November 1, all our three months' offers for subscriptions to the Weekly BLADE expired. It is now time to get up clubs of yearly subscribers for this, the leading national weekly Republican journal of the United States. We have just prepared our confidential club terms to agents, which we will send only on application by mail. We have made such liberal rates that any energetic person can, with a reasonable degree of effort, make $10 per day for a few days in canvassing for the Weekly BLADE. Get to work at once before some one else occupies your neighborhood. Send us a postal card asking for our confidential terms to agents, and address it to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE best of the annual run of alleged newspaper jokes on writing 1891 instead of 1892, is the following from the Chicago Evening *Post* of Saturday:

It is 2 to 1 that you wrote 1 instead of 2 when you first started in this morning.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Horses $5 apiece at Queens[illegible]

Petroleum block fuel is s[illegible]

New York has 13,000 telep[illegible]

Paderewski says we [illegible] pianos.

The population of America [illegible] by 1,000 persons a day.

Woodworking machine makers in Chicago are forming a trust.

The actual cost of raising a boy to 21 years is estimated at $4,150.

Sixteen tons of steel pens are exported from Birmingham weekly.

Every year 1,000 children are born in the workhouses in London.

The Paris rag pickers have formed a union. It numbers 2,500 members.

The profits of the Suez canal are said to exceed $7,500,000 annually.

The Denver clerks are fined 50 cents for smoking non-union cigars.

During the year the Brooklyn bridge has earned $1,176,447.85 in tolls.

A microscope is being made at Munich which will magnify 11,000 diameters.

The hop crop of 1891 amounts to 243,308 bales, against 204,849 bales last year.

There are four times as many Irishmen in the United States as Englishmen.

S. P. A. Healy has given 75 paintings to an insane asylum at Kankakee, Ill.

Citizens of Connecticut get more patents than those of any other state.

There were produced in the United States last year 141,229,513 tons of coal.

The statue of William Ellery Channing, of Newport, R. I., will cost $20,000.

Colorado has over 20,000 square miles of coal, and the product of 1890 was 3,000,000 tons.

Publishers' Desk.

THE SUBS POURING IN.

American editors are highly gratified at the rapidity with which subscribers are pouring in. The present week is the history large clubs of subscribers to the Weekly BLADE are pouring in. This unprecedented increase is due to two causes—first, because THE BLADE is the most popular weekly paper in the United States; and, second, because we offer the most advantageous terms and the highest cash commissions to agents—the highest ever offered by any paper in the world.

We do not care to receive applications for our confidential terms to agents from any one who is not determined to raise a club, and to put forth his efforts to earn a few honest dollars. Don't send unless you really mean business!

CLOSING OUT SALE.

We have decided to publish no more of the following books and pictures, and for the purpose of closing out the stock on hand, we offer them at about the cost of production. It will be necessary to order very quickly as we have but a few of each left. This will be the last opportunity of purchasing Nasby's books, and hundreds will want Miss Bouton's "Health and Beauty" after they are gone.

We will send (until the stock is exhausted) a picture of John Calvin for 10 cents each, postpaid by mail. The former price was 25 cents.

The following paper-covered "Nasby" books (former price 50 cents) we will send by mail postpaid at 25 cents each: "A Paper City," and "Aboo Ben Adhem."

About fifty copies of Miss Bouton's "Health and Beauty," cloth, (former price $1) we will send postpaid by mail at 75 cents each. Don't delay if you want any of these books or pictures.

OUR SOUVENIR SPOON.

Your attention is called to the picture of the solid silver souvenir tea spoon on the 8th page of this issue. A splendid Christmas present. The spoon and the Weekly BLADE one year postpaid, for $3.00; the spoon alone $2.50. Any one sending five yearly subscribers to the Weekly BLADE, will receive a spoon free of cost. Remember this spoon is made of solid sterling silver, THE BLADE has never offered its readers anything that was not exactly as represented, and this spoon is no exception to the rule.

BLADE CHINA TEA SETS and BLADE WASHING MACHINES.

We had decided that we would not this season advertise the Blade china tea sets and the Blade washing machine, as we have new premiums to offer—The Blade sewing machine and the encyclopedia. However, our subscribers will not have it so. Our mail daily brings us inquiries as to the tea sets and washing machines. While we have not room to advertise them as we did last year, we will simply say, that the offers for both the tea sets and the washing machines which we made last year will hold good for this season also. Our old readers are familiar with the offers, or have copies of THE BLADE containing them. New ones who wish to know what the offers are will please drop us a postal card, and we will send a copy of both advertisements, exactly as they were published last year. Briefly they are as follows:

An 83-piece china tea set and the Weekly BLADE one year for $7; or the tea set as a premium for every club of 11 subscribers, accompanied by $11.

The washing machine and the Weekly BLADE one year for $5; or the washing machine as a premium for a club of 10 subscribers, accompanied by $10. Send for a copy of the offers.

FOUR ENTIRELY NEW PICTURES,

And Four Not Very Old Ones, For Blade Readers.

THE BLADE'S pictures have heretofore been very successful, and we have furnished thousands of our readers with beautiful copies of renowned paintings at prices less than half the art stores charge. We are glad to announce four NEW pictures now ready for mailing, as follows:

"The Roman Chariot Race," in the Circus Maximus of Rome, by Alexander Wagner. This is *in full colors*, 17x24 inches in size. It represents the mode of racing in the reign of Emperor Domitian, 88 years after Christ. The tiers of seats, crowded with a mass of excited people, run in a circular or oblong form around a sandy arena, at the end of which are erected gilt cylinders in conical shape, forming the goal of the races. The three chariots in the foreground, each drawn by four horses caparisoned with gorgeous trappings and driven by charioteers in bright colors, make one of the most remarkable examples of vigor and action, combined with beauty of color, detail and fine execution.

"The Retreat from Moscow—1814," by Meissonier, the renowned French artist, and is in his best style. In *full colors*, 17x24 inches in size. At the head of his conquering soldiers in the midst of winter, Napoleon has driven before him the Russians and penetrated into the heart of their country only to find when he arrived at the imperial city of Moscow that the inhabitants have fled, leaving every house in the city in flames. Those familiar with the final retreat depicted in this great painting. The great original painting was sold in Paris within the last eighteen months for $170,000, one of the highest prices on record for a modern picture.

"Christ Leaving the Pretorium," by Gustave Dore. A fine photo-etching, 21x28 inches. The scene represents Christ descending the steps leading from the official tribunal of the Roman governor of Judea, after his condemnation. The figure of the Savior, erect and commanding, is the center of attraction. The gaping crowd, some of them friends, others attracted by exciting events, are pressing forward with uplifted hands; the poor and wretched, who adored him, expressing the most profound sorrow; the sick whom he had healed and those who still crave his divine help all pressing forward to get one last glance at him, while the Roman soldiers, with spears and shields driving them back are graphically displayed in this wonderful picture.

"Women and Children First," by C. Napier Hemy, one of the first of marine artists of England, a fine photo etching, 21x28 inches. The story is here told with all the poetry of art, filling the picture with the heroic in human life, and the sublime and terrible in nature. On the left looms up the dark side of a huge ship, at the mercy of the wind and waves. Directly in the front of the picture, a life boat, "The Good Samaritan," is seen. Sturdy hands pull at the heavy oars while other strong men are rescuing the women and children first from the fated vessel. The climax of heroism in this admirable picture is on the deck of the wrecked vessel, where the men, looking death in the face, are shouting as she goes down, "Save the Women and Children First."

"Napoleon at Friedland, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter, Meissonier. It represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland. The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors, faithfully reproducing the detail, brilliancy and sentiment of the original.

"Christ Before Pilate," by Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is not the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is in colors, 17x24, a reproduction which fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000. It represents the Savior brought to the Pretorium, or residence of the Roman governor, Pilate, at Jerusalem. He stands erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on Pilate's face.

"The Grand Canal of Venice," by Turner, the famous English artist. The scene portrayed is the Grand Canal as seen from the quay. On the right are the steps and a portion of the church of Santa Maria delle Salute; beyond this, the custom-house. Opposite, in the middle distance is the Ducal Palace, and beyond it, towering above the city roofs, the campanile (bell-tower) of St. Mark's church. The canal is filled with barges and gondolas, and is the busiest and gayest part of Venice. The picture is 17x22 inches.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur. There is no need of describing this world-famous picture. We have sold thousands of them, and still the demand comes so that we have obtained a fresh supply, though not a large number. Order promptly if you desire a copy of this superb work of art.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 cents.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for One Dollar.

Or, we will send you the entire *eight* pictures for $1.50.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

SHORT FACTS.

The bartenders of New York have a union.

Indianapolis has a Sewing Woman's union.

Socialists are organizing women in Chicago.

Omaha has a Real Estate Owners' association.

New York parquet floor layers have organized.

Cincinnati carpenters won thirty cents an hour.

Fishermen and fishermen will form a national union.

Brussels, Belgium, is to have an elevated railway.

Valuable coal mines have been discovered in Alaska.

A REGULAR SCIMITAR

That Sweeps all before it.

These will almost melt in your mouth. The "Charmer" is very productive, high quality and sugar flavor. Has great staying qualities. Vines 3½ to 4 ft. high. In season follows "Little Gem" and before the "Champion of England." We have thoroughly tested it, and confidently recommend it as the best ever introduced. Price by mail, per packet, 15 cents; pint, 75 cents.

GIVEN FREE, IF DESIRED, WITH ABOVE,

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE 1892,

which contains several colored plates of Flowers and Vegetables. 1,000 Illustrations. Over 100 pages 8 x 10½ inches. Instructions how to plant and care for garden. Descriptions of over 20 New Novelties. **Vick's Floral Guide** mailed on receipt of address and 10 cents, which may be deducted from first order.

JAMES VICK'S SONS, Rochester, N.Y.

JUDGE WILLIAM A. WOODS,

Of Indiana, Subject of a Coming Party Fight in the Senate.

Of the six gentlemen recently nominated by President Harrison to United States Circuit judgeships, five will be confirmed without opposition. Special interest attaches to the nomination of

JUDGE WOODS.

Judge Woods, of whom a likeness is given above, because Senators Voorhees and Turpie will lead an opposition to his confirmation, in which they hope to succeed by the aid of some Republican votes.

The discussion will review the "Blocks of Five" matter, of the campaign of 1888, when Woods, as a district judge, was accused of preventing the indictment of the writer of the letter reputed to have contained the phrase quoted, and of having quashed about 200 indictments in the Federal court, made, it is claimed, against men guilty of bribery.

The judge, who is about 55 years old, is a native of Tennessee, but has resided in Indiana since his boyhood, and is a graduate of Wabash college. He practiced law at Goshen, Ind., was a state Circuit judge, and in 1880 was elected a judge of the Supreme court of Indiana. In 1882 he was appointed a United States District court judge.

A VOODOO PRIEST'S VICTIM.

Strange Story about the Death of the "Rose of the Isles."

We were puffing our after-dinner cigars and, strangely enough for a dinner party, we had somehow drifted into a talk upon the supernatural. Perhaps it was the dreamy air of Bermuda or the fairy-like scenery from the hills at St. George, but whatever was the "exciting cause," as my friend, the doctor, would say, he himself was all skepticism on the subject. When one of the major's guests seemed to take the power of voodooism seriously the doctor laughed outright, whereupon several pairs of eyes were turned toward our host and there was an awkward pause, which the major presently relieved by saying:

"Let me tell you a bit of family history. It was in the old Bermuda days and the characters in the tragedy were, first, my uncle, an officer, then stationed here with his regiment; second, a beautiful young Bermudian, whom Tom Moore celebrated in his poem, 'The Rose of the Isles;' the third, a pretty and accomplished quadroon maid and the fourth was a voodoo priest.

MEDICAL SKILL BAFFLED.

"My uncle won the love of the fair Bermudian and their engagement was announced. Not many days afterward a strange illness seized the intended bride. She drooped. She avoided the sight of all men, even that of her father, to whom she had been tenderly attached. As for her lover she pined for him when he was away and when he was near her she sat with downcast eyes and in silence. Both body and mind seemed gone when the baffled medical skill of Bermuda suggested a change of scene and climate. In England she became perfectly well. Her health and spirits were fully restored. Back she came to Bermuda and her lover's heart.

"What happened? She became ill with the same symptoms as before. The wedding was postponed. To England she went again. Her health was restored. Back she came to Bermuda and her lover's heart again, and this time she was happily married in Pembroke church. But now for the third time the illness seized her, and in a few months she was dead. Let me say here that the quadroon maid I have mentioned did not accompany her young mistress on either of the voyages to England.

THE CONFESSION.

"Twelve years ago this winter I was here on a military commission. One morning I received a request from a friend at Hamilton to call at my earliest convenience. I went at once. An old servant of his, who was dying, wished to see me. When I was alone with her she confessed that she had been the cause of the illness and death of the 'Rose of the Isles.'

She said that she had been madly in love with my uncle and had gone to a voodoo priest for a charm. The priest directed her to bring him three garments that were in the habit of being worn nearest the skin of the rival to whom the lover had given his affections. This the quadroon was easily able to do by reason of her position as maid. She told me that her mistress, while she wore the garments over which the spell had been cast, was affected by the symptoms I have mentioned, but when she was away from the spell of the voodoo her love and health returned. When she became a bride the quadroon got the priest to work a much stronger charm, which he did, and by means of the garments as before and with the same results, except that the charm ended fatally. What have you to say to that, doctor?"

"Oh," said the doctor, waking up from a reverie, "the garments were poisoned, of course."—[N. Y. Herald

SERMONETTES.

He who imitates what is evil always goes beyond the example that is set; on the contrary, he who imitates what is good always falls short.—[Guicciardini.

Nothing is to be compared for value with goodness; riches, honor, power, pleasure, learning, the whole world and all in it are not worth having in comparison with being good.—[Charles Kingsley.

"A man without an ideal sinks; the man with one rises, but in so doing passes through agonies. This life is his purgatory. Only the man without an ideal is happy—brutally happy."—[S. Baring-Gould.

There are two simple facts that are enough to shut out all this low disgust and wearing anxiety; the unchanging goodness of God and the sure order of nature—one being simply the expression of the other.—[Rev. Dr. T. T. Munger.

THE DEAD OF 1891.

Cincinnati Times-Star.

The year just closing has been notable among other things, for the number of deaths of distinguished men in nearly all departments of life. The mortality of eminent people, particularly during the first three months of the year, was probably unprecedented, and it is noteworthy that in nearly all cases the end came unexpectedly. Deaths from old age, or after prolonged sickness, were rare, the victims being cut down in their prime, often by heart failure, still oftener by pneumonia.

Among notable rulers or high officials the list includes ex-President Grevy of France, ex-Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil, Sir John A. Macdonald, premier of Canada, King Kalakaua of the Sandwich islands, and Abdurrahman Khan, ameer of Afghanistan. Among statesmen and political leaders must be mentioned Charles Stewart Parnell, the Irish leader; W. H. Smith, the Tory leader, and Charles Bradlaugh, the Radical, in Great Britain, and ex-Vice President Hannibal Hamlin, Secretary William Windom, ex-Secretary Alphonso Taft, Senators McDonald and Plumb and Minister John F. Swift in the United States.

The death roll of great soldiers includes the great military genius in Europe since Napoleon, Gen. Moltke, and the greatest surviving American commander, Gen. Sherman. Close after these in point of ability comes Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, whom many competent judges regard as the most capable of the confederate commanders. Nor should we omit Admiral David D. Porter, Maj. Gen. Charles Devens and Gen. Spinola, the last a member of Congress. Of a very different class, yet making a considerable stir in the military world, were Gen. Boulanger and President Balmaceda.

The loss to literature during the year has been especially severe, the list being headed by the great historians George Bancroft, Alexander William Kinglake and Benson J. Lossing, who were followed by the lesser lights, William T. Herndon, the historian of President Lincoln, and James Redpath, the companion and historian of John Brown. Among other famous men of letters were James Russell Lowell and Lord Lytton, and among well-known journalists, George Jones, of the New York *Times*, Major J. M. Bundy, of the *Mail and Express*, and Donn Piatt, an all-around newspaper man. The pulpit has lost many famous divines, including Bishop Paddock and Dr. Howard Crosby.

The stage mourns its second greatest tragedian, Lawrence Barrett, and one to its foremost comedians, William J. Florence, besides a number of popular favorites of scarcely less celebrity, including Emma Abbott, the singer, and "Fritz" Emmet, John Gilbert, Tony Hart and Frank Frayne. Science will miss many of its most industrious workers, among them Dr. Winchell, the geologist, while art is poorer by the death of Meissonnier and Charles Chapin, the French artist. The list might be indefinitely extended, but enough. May the year 1892 be more sparing of our favorites and death less partial to shining marks.

ORDER OF THE GARTER.

Its Great Antiquity—Its Origin and Purpose.

The Order of the Garter was founded in 1344, some writers say 1330, by Edward III. The original number of knights was twenty-five, His Majesty himself making the twenty-sixth. The emblem of the order is a dark blue ribbon edged with gold, bearing the motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense" in golden letters, with a buckle and pendant of gold richly chased. It is worn on the left leg below the knee. Regarding the adoption of this emblem and motto, the story is that the Countess of Salisbury let fall her garter while dancing with the king, and that he picked it up and tied it around his own leg, but that, observing the jealous glances of the queen, he restored it to its fair owner with the exclamation, "Honi soit qui mal y pense."—[Boston Commercial.

Birthday of the Postage Stamp.

The postage stamp will celebrate its fifty-second anniversary May 6 of next year. It's invention is due to a printer, James Chalmers, of Dundee, Scotland, who died in 1853. England, 32 years ago introduced the new system of prepaying letter postage, and according to a decree of December 21, 1839, issued the first stamps, which were to be put before the public May 6 of the following year, as noted above. A year later they were introduced into the United States and Switzerland, and within three years had become common in Bavaria, Belgium and France. One of the most important and valuable collections of postage stamps and other postal devices in the world is the German Imperial Postoffice museum, at Berlin.

Raisin Raising.

Raisin raising and prune growing are two comparatively new industries in California that are attaining very large proportions, and the domestic products have almost driven the foreign goods from our markets. During nine months ending September 30, 1891, only 2,856,735 pounds of raisins and 5,809,750 pounds of prunes were imported, as against 13,769,-056 pounds of raisins and 35,693,855 pounds of prunes in the same period of 1890. Four and five car loads of raisins are leaving San Diego daily for the East at this time.

A Message to the Stars.

A Jules Verne idea of communicating with other planets through the meteor-currents of space is suggested by Mr. Hiram M. Stanley. If an object of human design be enclosed in a ball of iron and projected into some other meteor shoal by the aid of modern explosives, it is regarded as not altogether impossible that the ball and its contents might reach some other world and be found by its inhabitants.

Substitute for Leather.

A new material is being made by an English company which resembles leather and India rubber, and will be made into boots and shoes, water-proof clothing and other similar products. It is known as blandyte, but the composition is not made public.

Fresh Table Cloths.

Red table cloths and napkins lose their fresh, red color soon unless carefully handled. They should be soaked for half an hour in cold water, then put quickly through lukewarm suds, rinsed in salt water and hung up immediately.

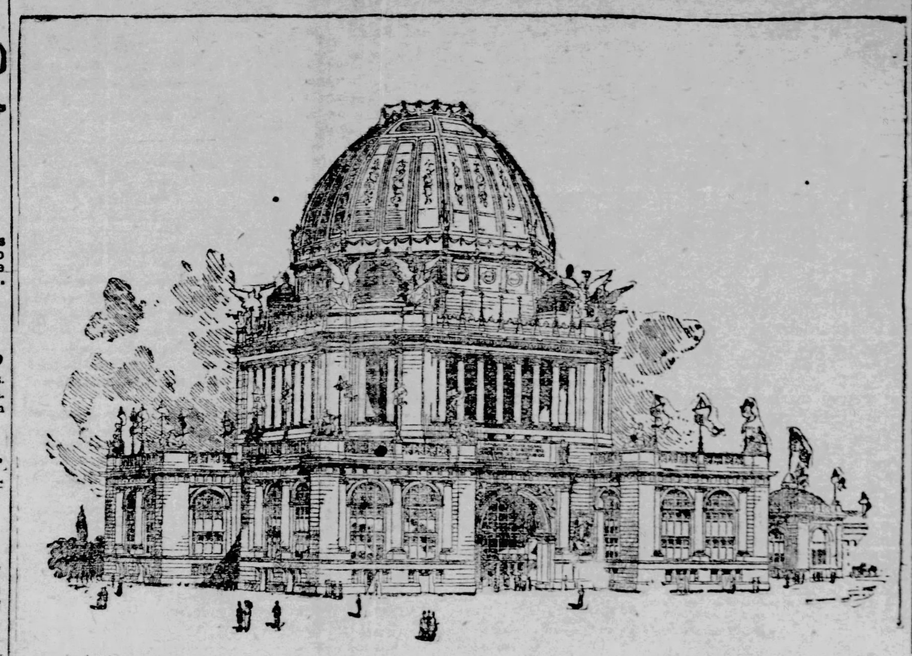
Cleaning Streets by Electricity.

An electric snow plow has been designed, with a thirty-horse power motor for propelling the car, and independent reversible motors for running the brushes. It is intended for use on street railways.

Aftermath.

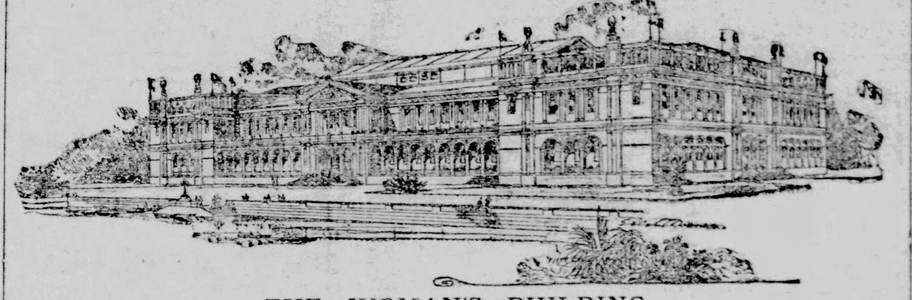
"Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer?"
And when it goes it leaves behind
Full many an ache of many a kind.

SKETCHES AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

The Administration building is the gem of all the architectural jewels of the exposition. Constructed of material to last but two years, it will cost $850,000. Although it covers a space but 250 feet square, yet it is one of the noblest achievements of modern architecture. It will occupy the most commanding position on the exposition grounds. The building consists of four pavilions, 84 feet square, one at each of the four angles of the square of the plan, and connected by a great central dome, 120 feet in diameter and 260 feet high. In the center of each facade is a recess, 96 feet wide, within which is a grand entrance to the building. The first story is in the Doric order, of heavy proportions. The second story, with its lofty colonnade, is in the Ionic order. Externally, the design is divided into three principal stages. The first stage consists of the four pavilions, corresponding in height with the buildings grouped about, which are 65 feet high. The second stage is of the same height, and is a continuation of the central rotunda, which is 175 feet square. The third stage is the base of the great dome, 40 feet high and octagonal in form, and the dome itself, rising in graceful lines, richly ornamented with heavily moulded ribs and sculptured panels, and having a large glass skylight. The interior effects will be even more gorgeous than the exterior, resplendent with carvings, sculptures and immense paintings.



THE WOMAN'S BUILDING.

The design for the woman's building was made by Miss Sophia G. Hayden, of Boston, who won the $1,000 prize which was offered for the best design. The structure measures 200 by 400 feet, and its estimated cost is $200,000. The style of this architecture is classic, with end and center pavilions. The corner and center pavilions are connected in the first story by an open arcade surmounted by classic vases. The first story is Doric and the second Ionic. The center pavilion contains the main entrance of the building. This is treated with a triple open archway of the story above, with a row of free standing Corithian columns. The main cornice is an elaborate decorated frieze, running round the skylight on the second floor, which gives light to the rooms below. The front and back suites of rooms are reserved for committees, and parlor gatherings. In the extreme left of the building is a club room for exhibitors, and opposite this is an assembly room 80 x120 feet. There are also rooms for kitchen demonstrations, and for officers' headquarters.

JULES SIMON.

Eminent French Academician and Statesman.

Jules Simon, one of the greatest Frenchmen of the century, of whom above is given a portrait taken from the painting made when he became a member of the French Academy, was born at Lorien (Morbihan) December 31, 1814. His full name was Jules Francois Simon Suisse, but he preferred the simple name under which he will be always known. After a career as teacher, later as professor of philosophy, in 1847 he and a friend started a pilosophical and politi-

JULES SIMON.

cal review in Paris, he editing the political part of it. In the Government of National Defense, formed in 1870, Jules Simon was minister of public instruction, public worship and the fine arts.

After the elections of 1871 he took from M. Thiers the portfolio of minister of public instruction, which he resigned in 1873, when he was elelected president for the Left. In 1875 he was elected senator for life. The next year he became premier and president of the interior, offices which he resigned in 1877, being virtually dismissed by the reactionary MeMahon, then president of the republic. M. Simon was received as a member of the French Academy in 1876. In 1879 he steadily opposed Ferry's scheme to suppress unauthorized religious congregations. He was made the next year, by the academy, a member of the Supreme Educational council, and in 1882 made permanent secretary of the Academy of Moral and Political Science. Simon edited editions of several great philosophical writers and was a contributor to learned reviews and periodical.

BELLS AND INSCRIPTIONS.

Suggestive Mottoes Engraved on Old English Cathedral Bells.

The great bell of Cologne cathedral, known as the "emperor bell," has on one side inscribed a sextet in German, of which the translation is:

I am called the emperor's bell:
I proclaim the emperor's honor:
On the holy watch tower I am placed.
I pray for the German empire,
That peace and protection
God may ever grant to it.

It may be added that no less than twenty-two cannon taken from the French were assigned by the Kaiser for the manufacture of this great bell.

The largest of the Westminster abbey bells bears the inscription:

Remember John Whitmell Isabel his wife, and William Rus, who first gave this bell, 1583.

New cast in July, 1590, and in April, 1738, Richard Phelps, T. Lester, fecit.

A smaller bell in the same tower expresses a very laudable desire in the following lines:

Thomas Lester, London, made me,
And with the rest I will agree,
Seventeen hundred and forty-three.

On a couple of Lincolnshire bells—one of 1807, the other of 1808—we have the following:

When female virtue weds with manly worth
We catch the rapture and we spread it forth.

Very often the happy pair are reminded of the transitoriness of human existence and of the end of all things. Here is a specimen of this kind of inscription from Bakewell, 1798:

When men in Hymen's bands unite,
Our merry peals produce delight;
But when death goes his dreary rounds
We send forth sad and solemn sounds.

A very suggestive inscription is that on the bell at Hough on the Hill, Lincolnshire. It is dated 1638, and runs as follows:

When you hear this mournful sound,
Prepare yourself for underground.

Each bell in a peal at St. Michael's, Coventry, if we are to judge from the mottoes had a special use of its own. Thus, No. 4 was evidently the workmen's bell:

I ring at six to let men know
Whom to and from their work to go.

No. 7 was the bell for summoning worshipers to church:

I ring to sermon with a lusty bombe,
That all may come and none may stay at home.

—[Boston Commercial.

THREE PREACHERS FRAIL.

Being the Experience of an Unfortunate Congregation.

PARSON BROWN.

A learned man was Parson Brown,
A man of parts, and yet
He left us for a bigger town
And very much in debt.
The reason he departed so
Was shortly after shown,
For when we came his parts to know
They'd gone to parts unknown.

REV. BOGGS.

A man of gesture and of jest
Was Rev. Boggs, D. D.:
He pleased our younger members best
By mirth and jollity.
It came to pass, howe'er, that they
Considered him less funny
When he went quietly away
With foreign mission money.

ELDER JONES.

Oh, we were fond of Elder Jones,
The sisters above all!
He preached in such endearing tones,
Refusing many a call.
But he proved false, like all the rest
And like them, went away
When two wives from the blooming West
Appeared one sorry day.

—[N. Y. Herald.

SUNDAY REFLECTIONS.

However well born a man may be he usually dies ill.

The last shall be first—in the estimation of the man with corns.

We live in the present—and on it, too, when Christmas and a rich aunt are in perihelion.

He is most lucky who rushes into debt and survives the smash up without being railroaded.

Trade winds are seldom tempered to shorn (Wall street) lambs.

The dance of death is probably the coil shuffle.—[N. Y. Herald.

Schoolgirl's Quiz.

In which way is a little girl running when the first sunshine of the morning comes directly on her face?

In what direction will your shadow fall at 6 o'clock on a summer evening?

You see a rainbow in the evening; is it east or west of where you are standing? Why?

In what part of the sky is the sun in the middle of the afternoon?

A ship sailing southeast was struck squarely on the left side by a steamer. In what direction was the steamer going?

Explain the difference between a picture and a map.

Explain the use of express companies, the postal system, railways.

Of what use are the telegraph and telephone wires which we see on the roads and streets?—[Common Sense.

Needed Perfect Solitude.

Nay, do not interrupt her, though her manner seems so sad.
Come softly from her side and let her be;
She is sure no other mortal so much trouble ever had:
For she's adding up some figures, don't you see?

[Washington Star.

Asbestos Cushions for Boilers.

The French Admiralty has adopted for covering the boilers of war ships mattresses or cushions made of asbestos cloth and stuffed with some non-conducting material, such as silicate cotton or asbestos fibre.

The Universal Metal.

The future of aluminium, now that the price of the metal has been so wonderfully reduced, will be one of great utility. The German military authorities are about to use it for cartridge boxes and lining of knapsacks.

Destined for Great Uses.

It is estimated by a Swiss engineer that 600,000 horse-power for electric transmission of power can be easily obtained from the waterfalls of that country.

Alcohol for Cleaning Glass.

Alcohol or benzine is a good thing to clean glass, and clean paper is better than any cloth, sponge or towel. Dry paper leaves an excellent polish.

NEWSPAPER MEN.

They Are No Longer "Bohemians" of the Old Type.

The "typical newspaper man" of today is a young man. He is college bred; he comes from a good family, and is a gentleman by birth and breeding. He is a brighter, quicker, has broader knowledge of men and affairs, and he makes and spends more money than his brother who goes into "business." He is well dressed, well housed and well fed. He has learned that Bohemianism, as exemplified by irregular hours, infrequent baths and incessant rum, does not pay, and he has left that sort of Bohemianism to chronic bummers and greenhorns. The tone, the morals of the profession have changed within the last twenty years, and the public is only just beginning to find it out.

Educated people who keep their eyes open realize that their notions of the "typical newspaper man" are sadly out of joint, and they are revising their types. The profession is slowly moving toward its rightful place in public estimation, and the time is not very far off when it will stand, not on a par with, but ahead of the law, the pulpit, medicine, and the other liberal professions. In the meantime we will be obliged to endure with what grace we may the would-be brilliant sketches of playwrights and novelists and the unintentionally stupid conclusions of misinformed outsiders who see in every whisky soaked reporter scribbler a typical newspaper man.—[Printers' Ink.

THE PROFITS OF MONTE CARLO

Ever Increasing—Amounted Last Year to Nearly $3,000,000.

The half yearly meeting of the shareholders of the gambling company of Monte Carlo was held recently. To be able to vote a shareholder must own at least 200 new shares of 500 francs original value, or $20,000 worth of stock, and the management is therefore in few hands.

The total receipts from the gaming tables last year amounted to 21,000,000 francs, or $4,200,000. This is an advance of $200,000 over the previous year. Each share bears a fixed annual interest of $125, or 9 per cent interest upon the present value, and 38 per cent upon the original value.

About $50,000 is placed to the account of publicity, which is the term used by the managers for payments to certain venal but influential newspapers for their tolerant attitude toward the concern.

The actual working expenses in salaries to the immense staff of croupiers, police and detectives, to the theatrical troupe, the orchestra of the Casino and the like, amount to considerably over $1,000,000 a year. The balance is devoted to the expenses of the municipal government of the principality, which the society is bound by its contract to pay —[New York Home Journal.

"An Ounce of Prevention."

Never set aside a bottle dirty. Wash clean and turn with the neck down that it may dry, and no dust be in it when you want it.

Missed his Opportunity! DON'T Miss Yours, Reader. The majority neglect their opportunities, and from that cause live in poverty and die in obscurity! Harrowing despair is the lot of many, as they look back on lost, forever lost, opportunity. Life is passing! Reach out. Every hour and every day improve opportunity, and secure prosperity, prominence, peace. It was said by a philosopher, that "the Goddess of Fortune offers a golden opportunity to each person at least once, and few have embrace the chance, and she pours out her riches; fill to do so and she departs, never to return." How shall you find the golden opportunity? Investigate every chance that appears worthy, and of fair promise, that is what all successful men do. Here is an opportunity, such as few offer. Reader, do not let it pass unheeded. Secure it, and a handsome start in life is made. The editor has opportunity for many to help. Money to be made rapidly and honorably by any man or woman, boy or girl, anywhere in the land. Right at home, or in their vicinity, spare moments or all the time. Work to be done and plenty at home. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 per day. You can do as well as the best. Some will do more. All is easy, positively new, and results wonderful. We instruct and show you how free. Failure is unknown with those who follow our directions. No room to explain here. Write and learn all free, at once, and secure your fortune. Address at once, H. Hallett & Co., Box 1501, Portland, Maine.

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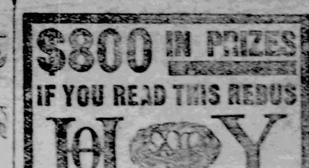

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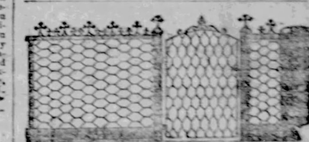

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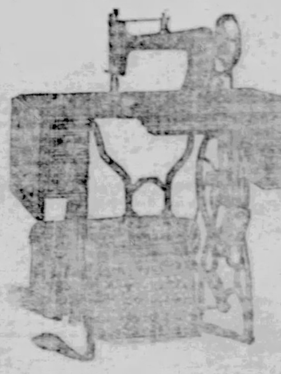

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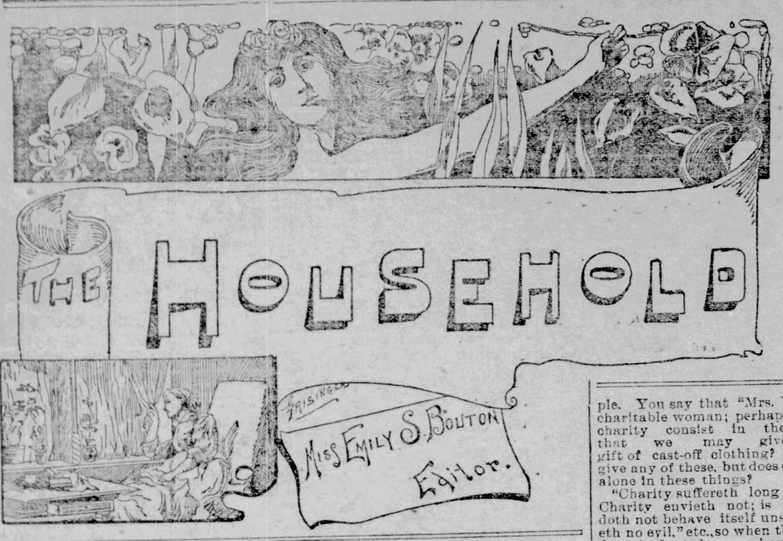


HOME TALKS.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION MOVEMENT

What It Promises for the Future—Its Effect in England, Where It Has Been Tested—This Country's Brilliant Leaders.

One sign there is in the world in these days, a thing that gives more of hope than aught else of its forward movement to a higher civilization—and in that higher civilization, I include spiritual as well as moral and mental growth. It is the disposition to weigh new ideas, to examine new theories, to try new ways that promise some improvement upon the old ones, even before their possibilities have been much more than guessed at. Hecterodoxy is not considered so dangerous as of yore, more especially if it be not named. I do not now refer to religion merely, but to all old ways of thinking that have grown respectable because they have been for long accepted by a majority. Most of you have probably read the article upon "Mental Telegraphy" by Mark Twain, published in the December number of *Harper's Magazine*. It was written ten years ago, he said, but was refused by the *North American Review* which did not dare give it to the world through its pages because it was so far outside of the ordinary currents of thought. To-day it does not cause even a ripple of surprise.

My attention was turned particularly at this time to the rapid changes now going forward, by an article regarding the swift growth of the University Extension idea. It only goes to show that there is a quickened perception of what will stimulate progress. It has been tried long enough in England to make the value of the movement evident, but in the United States it is comparatively new, though the interest is gaining in strength every day.

To those who can appreciate what it means to have the thought of a whole community elevated as by this plan it may be, anything that can be done to forward its growth will receive instant approval. It is said that in England wherever a three months' course of lectures has been given, the change in the character of conversation and thinking has been decidedly apparent. The demand is for a higher, more thorough quality of literature, and that in itself shows a marked advancement.

There has never been anything before which promised so much for those whose school days ended early, whose years are occupied with the struggle for a comfortable subsistence, and yet who long, like a pilgrim athirst, for an opportunity to gain more knowledge. To have this opportunity for the best instruction by the best teachers which the country affords placed within their reach, seems almost like a fairy tale and yet this is what University Extension does. It brings the best of talent, just the same as that employed in the best and highest educational institutions, to help those who desire to march onward to more intelligent conditions to do so, at a merely nominal cost to themselves.

University Extension is gaining a firm foothold all over the country. No less that 75 colleges and universities have signified a willingness to co-operate with the American society to forward the movement, and Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Columbia have been and are in warmest sympathy with the work. This means a great deal. It means that the professors in those institutions hold themselves in readiness to go wherever a center has been established to which they are called, there to give the same instruction as the students regularly in their charge receive. It has even a deeper significance than that. It shows that there is so strong a desire in this body of educated men to help their fellow men, that they so plainly recognize the law of humanity's brotherhood, that they are willing to give time and hard labor for very small remuneration to carry forward what is so clearly a good work.

These colleges and universities are situated in every part of the country, North, South, East and West, so that there is no section that need be without these advantages so soon as there is sufficient interest awakened as to induce organization. To each center thus formed may come those within its radius who desire to take some special course that fits their need. When it is completed then it can be followed up with home study. And this, too, may be under the direction of the central society, which is rapidly organizing this branch of the work, so as to give it the highest efficiency. It may be taken advantage of, not only by those who have attended the lectures, but also by isolated students who are unable to come face to face with the lecturer.

University Extension will prove a God-send to the many parents who long to give their sons and daughters the advantages of higher education, and yet who cannot afford to send them away from home for a series of years, where they will not only be entirely non-supporting, but a drain upon the parental slender pecuniary resources. Under this arrangement their children may remain under the home-roof, and yet gain what is so desired for them. More than this even may be done, if these sons and daughters have energy and ambition. They may become bread winners and yet be gaining an education that shall fit them for any work to which their talents or inclinations point.

This nation has need of everything that shall broaden the outlook of all classes, since upon their intelligence rests the security of whatever it holds dear. Each progressive step that a community takes forward better fits it for self-government. The good in this direction that a single center of University Extension may do is past estimating, and when these centers are scattered over the length and breadth of the land, as they surely will be, what may we not expect of the future?

A few words in regard to the leader of this work in this country and I am done. Professor Edward J. James, the president of the American society for University Extension, is a native of Illinois, and a man well known for his practical work in reforms in various directions. He is a brilliant scholar and a profound student of the best educational systems the world knows. A writer of rare ability, he devotes himself to educational, social and economic work, and is well known for his contributions to these departments of science. No better man, it is believed, could be placed at the head of the American society for University Extension, and under his guidance it has progressed rapidly.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

BOOK COVERS.—These may be made of brown linen, which is the most serviceable of anything, or some of the other silk and linen materials that come for embroidery. Measure a common sized book or magazine, then cut it one-quarter of an inch larger all around for making. Mark a space wide enough for the back of the book from top to bottom, and work it in outline stitch in gold or a rich shade of brown. The design may be drawn with a pencil. Make a border around the outside of the sides, and either etch or paint it. In the center of the upper side etch or paint some appropriate words, initials, or anything the fancy may suggest. After the embroidery or decoration is done the cover should be lined with some pretty color of silk or satin. Each side is turned over two inches, and fastened at the top and bottom for the book to slip into. Fasten an elastic cord or narrow ribbon at the top and bottom of the back, to hold the book in, and at the top a half yard of narrow ribbon to be used as a book mark. This makes a pretty present for either a lady or gentleman.

BLOTTERS.—These are always pretty as well as useful souvenirs. They can be made large or small, square or oblong, according to one's fancy. A whole table of blotters could be made very attractive. Chamois silk makes a very serviceable cover, and can be easily decorated with a spray of flowers, a flock of birds, or some butterflies, with an apt quotation, several of which are given below:

"Letters from absent friends extinguish fear,
Unite division, and draw distance near."

"Write no words
That thou wouldst after
From thy memory blot."

"Letters are winged thoughts of absent love."

Bolting cloth laid over some heavier material makes a delicate and dainty cover for a blotter. One made in the shape of a large book has pansies scattered over it and painted exquisitely. Just below in gilt letters appears,

"Pansies for thought."

On another we find,

Blot out the false,
Blot in the true."

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; o, for, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind, tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loops; sc, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ci ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stiten; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; o t st, crossed treble stiten; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stiten; tr, treble; sh s, short crochet.

POLISH BOOTS.—About 4 ounces of double or 8-fold black zephyr and one set (4) of the largest size of steel needles will be required for these. For a medium size cast on 108 stitches. (The number must be increased or decreased only by *fours*, as they are knitted in ribbed work; that is, purling two then knitting two throughout.) Divide the stitches on three needles and work round and round till about two inches deep. Then begin to decrease. Select one rib near the center of a needle for the middle of the foot. Knit the first stitch of this rib together with the one before it and slip and bind the other with the stitch following. Do this each time around, taking care always to narrow in the same rib and keep the rows straight, till there are about 60 stitches left. Then knit without shaping till as long as required, say four or five inches. Bind off and finish top with crocket edge. At the top of the foot where the stitches were cast on sew it together two or three inches. Put it on the foot with the part just joined, under the toe. Then, having procured a pair of low rubbers—called clogs—put one on over the boot. Sew it securely to the top of the rubber with strong linen thread. It may be necessary to cut out a little piece about the heel after it is sewed, if it is clumsy there, but if it is not cut too close it will not ravel. These are very useful for those who are obliged to go out in all kinds of weather.

EDGING CROCHETED ON FANCY METAL BRAID WITH METAL THREAD.—Abbreviations—S, single, ch, chain, d, double, st, slip stitch.—The edging here shown is made of grey silk and silver braid. The braid with picots is joined on at the foot (of silk) alternately with 1 s., in every second picot and 1 ch.; while the 1. row on the opposite side is also of silk; 1 ch. * draw three loops through three picots coming beside each other, putting the silk once over the hook each time, the three threads thus formed and the two loops are now worked off, putting the silk over once, and then the two loops left on the hook, putting the silk over a second time, 3 ch., and repeat from star.—2. row: (with silk) 4 s are always crocheted round the 3 ch. separated in the middle by 3 ch. side chains may be worked with braid and metal thread if preferred. The above pattern is given in a recent number of *The Season*.

Correspondence.

M. K. SPEAKS HER MIND ON SEVERAL SUBJECTS—OUGHT SHE TO HAVE BEEN BLAMED?—Under the circumstances I should say No! and in my opinion if "Mrs. W." was so circumstanced as to be obliged to fill that daughter's place, I haven't the least idea but that the work necessary to carry out her mode of cleanliness would often be slighted, perhaps even more than it is now. But where one is surrounded with every luxury that heart can wish for and plenty of money at their hand, with a fine house elegantly furnished and plenty of servants to do the work, why, it is a very small matter for each member of her family to go to a bath room and bathe in a tub twice a week. But let each member of "Mrs. W's" family take a pail in their hand and carry the water from half a block away then carry it up two flights of stairs, then in like manner carry up the coal, and heat the water on the cook stove, and we think that she would come to reason and excuse much of the labor that such procedure would cost. This is saying nothing about the consequences resulting to the health of the poor cripple. You say that "Mrs. W" is a very charitable woman; perhaps so; but does charity consist in the few cents that we may give, or the gift of cast-off clothing? It is good to give any of these, but does charity consist alone in these things?

"Charity suffereth long and is kind. Charity envieth not; is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly; thinketh no evil," etc., so when the poor cripple does the best she can, should we expect more? I would refer "Mrs. W." to xiv: 14-15. * * * Would ask Julia E. Tanner to please take THE BLADES of September 17 and October 22 and compare the correspondence in them and I think that she will see that she has made a misquotation as well as misrepresentation. She says in the article above referred to that we as Christians take Christ for our leader; this is right, but, then why wrangle about what entertainment that young minister might have attended. CHRIST is the way, the truth and the life, no matter what the minister does, or says.

Then Her mi-one follows with the best way. She seems to know of some one who through some great or terrible trouble, was very faint and near falling by the way; and she seems to feel called upon to lend a little support. She says "there is no one but has something to be thankful for." I reckon there isn't, for most people who have trouble can be thankful that it is no worse than it is. "MOLLIE" GIVES GOOD ADVICE TO SEVERAL PERSONS.—I am glad the babies have found a champion. I have often pitied the little ones in Nebraska and Kansas who were the victims of their mother's ignorance or selfishness, often both. Many mothers do not know the amount of future suffering they are causing by the lack of system in the care of the little ones given them.

If "Anxious Mother" will cut raw onions in thin, small pieces, place them between two pieces of thin cloth, baste it together, lay in the tin on the stove, and, while it is warming, pound with a potato masher, when warm, not hot, place on the child's throat and chest at night, and give onion syrup, the child will be relieved. If onions are not liked, grease the throat, from the ears, well down the chest, with lard and sprinkle not too much tobacco over it. Use fine cut or smoking tobacco dry on the stove and rub fine in your hands, give a syrup made by steeping equal parts of hoarhound and black cherry or Wahoo bark, and after straining, sweeten with loaf sugar; granulated sugar will do. Any druggist ought to be able to supply you. Some keep it ready prepared. Give one-half teaspoonful every two hours through the day, and after coughing in the night. If too bitter, you could add a little lemon juice; if too strong, weaken it with water. The above are good in any throat or lung troubles. In diphtheria use the same with a gargle of common salt and a little chloride of potash.

Salad oil comes to the druggist marked "Virgin Olive Oil," and if pure is expensive; it is often adulterated with cotton-seed and other oil. If those who have trouble with diamond dyes try cutting them with a little alcohol, then follow directions, being careful not use boughten soap I think they will succeed. Chemicals in many soaps effectually kill the dyes. Waists and men's coats may be dyed whole, but are hard to press nicely.

Nellie, if you have so much time, can you not find some girl neighbor who would be very glad of the chance to learn some of your pretty fancy work? I think the command "To whom much is given of them much will be required," refers to time as well as other things.—MOLLIE.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

'Tis wisdom's law, the perfect code,
By love inspired;
Of him on whom much is bestowed,
Is much required;
The tuneful throat is bid to sing,
The oak must reign the forest's king,
The rushing stream the wheel must move,
The tempered steel its strength must prove,
'Tis given with the eagle's eyes
To face the mid-day skies.

If I am weak and you are strong,
Why then, why then
To you the braver deeds belong!
And so again,
If you have gifts and I have none,
If I have shade and you have sun,
'Tis yours with freer hand to give,
'Tis yours with truer grace to live,
Than I who, sightless, sunless, stand
With barren gifts in hand.
—Charlotta Perry in Boston Traveler.

Correspondence Clippings.

So often in these changeable cold days I have heard young mothers say: "Baby has such a cold, what shall I do I am so afraid of croup." Apply roast onions immediately, mash them and lay on a folded linen cloth, pour on goose oil, sweet oil, or even lard, and apply to the throat and upper part of the chest, also to the hands and feet, or the onions can be boiled in water till almost dry, then add grease and cook till brown. The applications should be made as warm as can be borne. In a very severe case, take a good sized onion, make a hole in the center, fill with sugar, and put in the ashes to roast, when the sugar has become a syrup take out a teaspoonful and give the child.

To prevent the child from coughing at night, in 1 qt. of soft water put ten cents worth of seneca snake root, and boil for an hour, slowly, then strain and boil down to a pint, add a cupful of powdered sugar. Give one teaspoonful at bedtime.—SARAH JANE.

I wish to speak my little piece about the event which Miss Bouton so justly condemns in a recent BLADE. I have always wondered how any woman could so far forget all womanly honor and instinct and become so degraded as some have, yet it is a greater mystery to me how any woman can so cruelly treat one of her own sex, however low she may have fallen. How much more Christian-like it would have been if these 40 or 50 women, instead of going masked, had gone clothed in robes of righteousness, with the love of God in their hearts, and this world in their hands and prayed for those fallen sisters; tried to persuade them to abandon their evil ways and to seek refuge in some home for such as they; thus trying to save their souls instead of driving them deeper into crime, as they have by their cruel and unchivalized treatment. How little do they know how soon some devil clothed in the form of man, will come with his flatteries and outwitting smiles and betray some of their daughters and lead them into evil paths, then, let me ask, how would they like to think that some other women whipped them as they have just done to some mothers' daughters, and that while, perhaps, some of their own husbands, brothers, or sons were the cause of those girls' downfall? Oh! surely they will have to give an account for this cruel act to one who is more able to judge than we are. He knows what temptations and weaknesses those fallen ones had to contend with, we who have either never had such temptations, or have been strong, have no right to condemn.—ANOTHER OLD MAID.

Inquiries.

Will some one tell me how to propagate the Resurrection plant? It is a native of old Mexico. I have one that is alive, but it won't grow.—MRS. J. W. MITCHELL.

Can any one tell me if whitewashed walls can be painted? If so, what kind of paint is best to use and how applied?—MRS. O. TAYLOR.

E. G.: Cover your cinnamon vine so that it will be protected from rain and frost, and leave it in the ground.—MRS. S. R. P.

Mrs. Annie Hartsook, your bread recipe will be very welcome. Make it as brief as possible.—[ED.

Will some one send remedy for nervous neuralgia and sick headache—VULCAN.

Can any one tell me why my BLADE sewing machine will refuse to sew sometimes, while at other times it does beautiful work?—SOUTH DAKOTA.

Will some one send some odd names for a boy baby?—READER, St. Paul.

Can some one tell me where I can find a poem commencing, "'Twas whispered one morning in Heaven?"—MRS. E. W. MILLIS.

Will some of the ladies tell a forlorn (?) old bachelor how to make muffins?—BACHELOR.

Will some one suggest suitable material for a dress to wear to evening parties, weddings and like occasions; how it should be made, and what color would be most becoming for a lady with dark brown hair and grey eyes, with plenty of color in complexion? Am 25 years of age, married, and move in moderately wealthy society.—MRS. G. W. M.

I wish some one would send a recipe for fruit cake that will last for weeks and not get dry.—WEAVER No. 2.

Answers to Inquiries.

Anna B. Ritter:—Telegraphy is a "respectable" occupation for a girl, and it can be made a very profitable one also, if the girl learns it thoroughly and becomes an expert operator.—ED.

Miss Agnes H.:—We think that perhaps there could be no better way for you to make up any deficiency in your education than the one you suggest. For any information concerning the Chautauqua course of study, you should write to the secretary, Miss Kate F. Kimball, Buffalo, N. Y., who will send circulars, etc., upon application by any one desiring them. Several others who have written us on this subject we refer to the above answer, as it is quite impossible to answer so many personally.—ED.

Mrs. H. Anderson:—Can you not make the directions for infants' sack and shoes brief enough for the HOUSEHOLD? Several ladies have desired these directions and all will be benefited if you can send them.—ED.

Miss F. M. H.—Send the selections you mention and if suitable we shall be very glad of them.—ED.

ANXIOUS MOTHER:—Get fluid extract of Jaborandi and use from 3 to 10 drops according to age of patient, 3 or 4 times a daily. An infusion of red clover blossoms is also valuable.—J. V.

QUERY:—The Christian denomination, (not the Disciples denomination), perhaps have the honor of ordaining the first woman minister in the United States, and at the present time have over twenty-five regular ordained lady ministers, who are authorized to administer the ordinances of the church and solemnize marriages, also, a number of unordained ones. These reside in different states of the union, and some of them are finely educated and occupy prominent city pulpits. The Christian denomination claims to have published the first religious periodical in the United States, if not in the world, established September 1, 1808.—REV. THOMAS HESTOW.

An answer to "Carpet Weaver's" question, how to draw in and weave block work in rag carpet: In the first place you must divide your chain—have equal parts, say black and white. In warping, have every other thread black and every other one white. For brick work, draw in 20 threads of black on back shaft, and 20 of white on the front shaft, and reverse; if you want it in squares, 10 threads will do. In weaving, every other thread of filling must be a thread in with a cloth shuttle. This thread is called the binding thread. When you want to change, leave this thread out. My carpet is brick work, 1½ inches deep and 2½ inches long. In the stripe, leave the thread out. Carpet warp or anything that you can quill will do for binding threads. I hope I have made this plain. The thicker the chain the nicer the carpet.—WEAVER No. 2.

Menus for New Year's Receptions.

NO. I.

Chicken Salad. Sweet Sandwiches.
Cheese Fingers.
Lemon Jelly. Salted Almonds.
Angels' Food. Ice Cream. Lemon Ice.
Chocolate, with Whipped Cream.

NO. II.

Raw Oysters.
Cold, Sliced Chicken. Mayonnaise of Celery.
Pickled Oysters. Salted Almonds. Olives.
Macaroons. Candied Fruit. Wafers.
Coffee. Chocolate.

Recipes.

TO MAKE "SCRAPPLE."—MRS. L. L. D.: My way of making "scrapple" is as follows: When the hogs are killed, after making sausage of such portions as are free from bone, take the bony pieces, such as head, backbone, etc., and boil till tender. Carefully remove all bone, chop the meat fine and return to the liquor in which it was boiled. Season with sage, salt and pepper to suit the taste. When the mass boils thicken with cornmeal until it is thick mush, stirring constantly till done. Dip out into dishes to cool. When cold, slice and fry. If the meat is very fat, better skim off some of the grease before thickening.—MRS. A. L. K.

RECIPE FOR ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.—1 lb. currants, washed and dried; 1 lb. raisins, stoned and chopped; 1 lb. beef suet, chopped fine; ¼ lb. each of citron and candied lemon peel cut fine; 1 teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon and cloves; 1 lb. brown sugar; 1 lb. sifted flour, 6 well beaten eggs. Mix thoroughly; drop a saucer in ½ pot of boiling water; wet a stout pudding cloth and flour slightly; pour in your batter and tie tightly, allowing room for the expansion of the pudding; boil six hours; serve with melted butter or brandy sauce.—DEER LODGE.

TO CURE INFLUENZA.—Take equal parts of hoarhound, mullein, and a small quantity of red pepper. Take 1 tablespoonful three or four times a day. Use mustard paste over chest, if the pain is severe.—FARMER.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
Relieves Indigestion, Dyspepsia, etc.

Soda to Warm Cars.

On the Northern railway of France an important experiment is about to be tried on a large scale. All carriages, even on short distance trains, are to be warmed, and the warmth is to be produced by means of boxes of acetate of soda. The chemical is put in a solid state into the boxes, and these are then plunged into hot water of about 100 degrees. The effect is that the soda becomes liquid. On being taken out of the water the boxes are wiped dry and are put into the carriages. By degrees the soda solidifies, and as long as the operation lasts—that is, for about five or six hours—it gradually gives off the heat it has absorbed in the melting process.

Weak, Nervous Men!

Send for sealed particulars, free, of Common Sense Home Treatment, which will speedily restore you to complete vigor and manhood. No electric nonsense, no stomach drugging. Albion Pharmacy Co., Albion, Mich.

A Perpetual Motion Machine.

It is generally known among engineers that a novel motor is running at the Patent office in Washington, and has been for many years, and to some minds seems to fulfill the conditions of perpetual motion. The inventor made this claim, but is hardly correct. Perpetual motion is said to exist in a machine that "when once started will continue to run until worn out." This machine operates by the power given out in the different expansion of metals under varying conditions, and is so small and carefully constructed that if there was absolutely no change in temperature of the room it would run when once started 38 days before stopping. If it was possible to put in some place for this length of time, as the centre of the earth, where the temperature would be constant, it would stop, so does not fulfil the condition of perpetual motion; but that does not be done where the machine now is, so it has run for a great many years without stopping, and probably will continue to run until it wears out.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French and English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A Paste for Cracked Stovepipes.

To mend cracks in stoves and stovepipes, make a paste of ashes and salt, with water, and apply. A harder and more durable cement is made of iron filings, sal ammoniac and water.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY

A VERY MERRY ENTERTAINMENT.

Books of a New Kind and Very Interesting—Description of Some of the Costumes Worn—A Jolly Time Generally.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

About 40 guests were invited. The gentlemen received no clue as to the character of the entertainment, but were simply requested to present themselves promptly at 8 o'clock. Curiosity was rife among them as to what could be in store, for it had transpired, on comparing notes, that not one gentleman had succeeded in obtaining a lady's company. The young ladies whom they were accustomed to meet had acknowledged, that they hoped to attend the party, though each one had politely but firmly refused to have an escort.

"It seemed odd enough," commented one of the young men afterward, "as twenty of us fellows straggled in, one after another, and not a lady in sight save our hostess? But occasionally the opening of a door in some other part of the house brought to our expectant ears the sound of feminine laughter, and we were encouraged to believe that better things must be in store."

When the last guest had been welcomed, the hostess announced that for some time past she had been engaged in making a fine collection of books. "I have decided," she added, "to give you gentlemen the pleasure of examining a number of them, which are especially choice and valuable. It will be hardly necessary for me to suggest that you handle them very carefully, and as all will doubtless wish to see each volume, it has been decided to limit the time for retaining each to five minutes. The librarian will keep an accurate account of the time, and a fine of two cents per minute will be imposed for retaining books beyond the prescribed time."

Dainty catalogues were then distributed, upon which were inscribed the following volumes:

No. 1. A Fair Barbarian.
" 2. Pink and White Tyranny.
" 3. Corinne.
" 4. Judith Shakespeare.
" 5. Widow Bedotte.
" 6. The Snow Image.
" 7. Little Women.
" 8. Friend Olivia.
" 9. Lorna Doone.
" 10. Romola.
" 11. That Lass o' Lowrie's.
" 12. Little Dorrit.
" 13. Woman in White.
" 14. Rose in Bloom.
" 15. Madcap Violet.
" 16. Peg Woffington.
" 17. Dora.
" 18. Jane Eyre.
" 19. Anne.
" 20. Pretty Sister of Jose.

When these had been duly examined, slips, upon which application for books might be made, were handed about, and each gentleman was considered a subscriber to the library. The portieres separating the two large parlors were then drawn aside, revealing the librarian and her assistants at the end of the room, seated at a table. Directly back of this table was a curtained doorway, behind which the books are arranged.

The first application was for No. 1, whereupon one of the librarians disappeared for an instant and returned with "A Fair Barbarian"—not the book, you will understand, but a charming young lady, who personated to perfection the heroine of Mrs. Burnett's popular story. She was attired in evening dress, a *fac simile* of that elaborate, lace-trimmed gown in which pretty Octavia created such a sensation among the simple folk at Lady Theobald's. Her face was covered with a mask, and in presenting this volume the librarian remarked:

"You are expected to read, learn and inwardly digest the contents of this book. Should you, in less than five minutes discover the identity of the impersonator, you may write her name opposite the number upon your card, return the book to the library, and draw another. At the close of the entertainment a prize will be awarded to the gentleman whose card shows him to have gained the most information from the library; or, in other words, to the one successful in discovering the identity of the greatest number of the books."

Other applications were at once handed in, and the rooms were soon filled with a motley company. Sweet Judith Shakespeare, trailing about in a quaint velvet costume, modeled after one of Abbey's drawings, held her aristocratic little head so proudly that one might easily imagine her the daughter of the illustrious bard. Close beside her in the little procession that wended its way through the parlors was Widow Bedott. Friend Olivia, in demure Quaker garb, sat at a small table and played diddledy-winks with a knight of the nineteenth century. A yellow-haired siren, in an evening dress of white and pink, responded to the call for "Pink and White Tyranny. One subject felt that he had for once experienced the "embarrassment of riches," when, in response to his application for No. 7, the librarian led out Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy. This volume, however, proved to be not the least popular on the list, and all the gentlemen were especially zealous in their attempts to fathom the identity of the four "Little Women." The girls, on the other hand, were quite as determined to remain *incognito*. All the characters, indeed, sought to puzzle subscribers in every possible way, and to that end voices were disguised, and unwonted mannerisms assumed, until the young men were fairly at their wits' end.

Although their costumes had been the simplest to arrange, the "Snow Image" and "Woman in White" were among the most difficult to recognize. A white dress covered with cotton batting was the appropriate guise of the former, who merrily boasted, as she laid her mask aside, that she had succeeded in making a lasting impression upon every gentleman present. "A very evident impression," remarked one of her victims, as he ruefully gazed upon his lint-covered best coat, "but I had hoped that it would not be lasting."

Shortly after 10 o'clock, all the lists having been collected, masks were removed, and light refreshments served. The fines, amounting to about a dollar, went to swell the fund of a charitable project in which all were interested. When the lists had been examined, a number of simple, inexpensive prizes were distributed; one to the most popular lady in a book, a second to the lady who best represented the character assumed, another to the book most successful in eluding recognition—and here the hostess had reason to congratulate herself upon the choice of the gift, a box of bonbons, as it was awarded to the four little women, and what could she have done had it been something in which they all might not share? As previously announced, the gentleman who had the list most nearly correct received a prize; also the one whose list was the poorest.—[Good Housekeeping.

You Can Rely

Upon Hood's Sarsaparilla as a positive remedy for every form of scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples and all other diseases caused by impure blood. It eradicates every impurity and at the same time tones and vitalizes the whole system.

Constipation and all troubles with the digestive organs and the liver, are cured by Hood's Pills. Unequalled as a dinner pill.

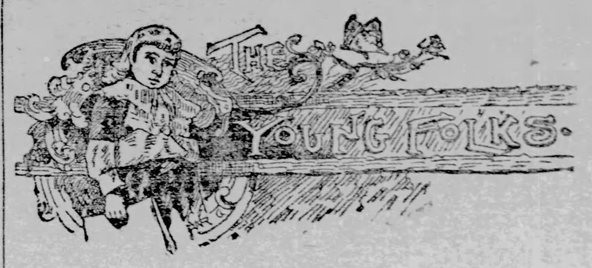
Rings on Their Wives' Necks.

A strange custom among the Bayansi, who live along the Upper Congo, has been described by explorers. Brass rings, sometimes weighing thirty pounds, are welded around the necks of the wives. At first the neck becomes raw by the chafing of the ring, but after a while it becomes callonsed, although a woman has to hold the ring up frequently to get relief from the weight. The ring is never put around a woman's neck until she has attained her full development. The women are proud of the ornament, believing that it enhances their importance and beauty.

"I have been occasionally troubled with Coughs, and in each case have used **Brown's Bronchial Troches**, which have never failed, and I must say they are second to none in the world."—*Peter A. May, Cashier St. Paul, Minn.*

Blue Need Not Fade.

To prevent blue from fading add one ounce of sugar of lead to a pail of water, and soak the material in the solution for two hours, then let it dry before being washed and ironed. This is good for all shades of blue.



LITTLE NUT PEOPLE.

PEARL RIVERS, IN JANUARY ST. NICHOLAS.

Old Mistress Chestnut once lived in a burr
Padded and lined with the softest of fur.
Jack Frost split it wide with his keen silver knife,
And tumbled her out at the risk of her life.

Here is Don Almond, a grandee from Spain,
Some raisins from Malaga came in his train.
He has a twin brother a shade or two leaner,
When both come together we shout, "Philopena!"

That is Sir Walnut; he's English, you know,
A friend of my Lady and Lord So-and-So.
Whenever you ask old Sir Walnut to dinner,
Be sure and have wine for the gouty old sinner.

Little Miss Peanut, from North Carolina,
She's not 'ristocratic, but no nut is finer.
Sometimes she is roasted and burnt to a cinder.
In Georgia they call her Miss Goober, or Pinder.

Little Miss Hazlenut, in her best bonnet,
Is lovely enough to be put in a sonnet;
And young Mr. Filbert has journeyed from Kent,
To ask her to marry him soon after Lent.

This is old Hickory; look at him well,
A general was named for him, so I've heard tell.
Take care how you hit him. He sometimes hits back!
This stolid old chap is a hard nut to crack.

Old Mr. Butternut, just from Brazil,
Is rugged and rough as the side of a hill:
But like many a countenance quite as ill-favored,
His covers a kernel deliciously flavored.

Here is a Southerner, graceful and slim,
In flavor no nut is quite equal to him.
Ha, Monsieur Pecan, you know what it means
To be served with black coffee in French New Orleans.

Dear little Chinkapin, modest and neat,
Isn't she cunning and isn't she sweet?
Her skin is as smooth as a little boy's chin,
And the squirrels all chatter of Miss Chinkapin.

And now, my dear children, I'm sure I have told
All the queer rhymes that a nutshell can hold.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT

That a Brave Boy Tries to Find for His Mother.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Concluded from last week.

Everybody around him seemed paralyzed and nobody moved. On came the horses with heads thrown proudly in the air while the little, golden-haired tot, unconscious of danger, was trying to reach the handkerchief that the capricious wind had carried out of her grasp.

Suddenly, before the instant sufficient for older people to comprehend the situation enough to act had passed, another little figure flew from the sidewalk, and seized the little one from beneath the very feet of the animals which the driver, who had suddenly discovered the children, was striving to rein backward.

It was all over in a breath, and the bewildered little girl was in the arms of her frightened mother, while the boy, knocked senseless by a blow from the shaft, was picked up by the gentleman he had thought looked like a prince, and must be his papa. The latter carried him into a store near by, and a doctor was soon in attendance. No one knew where he belonged and so the gentleman remained by his side, awaiting the result of the doctor's ministrations.

Presently he opened his eyes, looked around into the faces of those standing near, when his glance fell upon the face that had so attracted his attention. A happy smile came to his lips; he uttered the one word "papa" and then fell away into a stupor again.

"This will not do," said the doctor. "He must be moved to some quiet place and put to bed. Is there any one here who knows the boy, or will take care of him until his people can be found?"

"I will," answered the gentleman who had seemed deeply moved by the little fellow's smile and word, even though it were a mistake. "I do not live far away and I shall be only too glad to care for so brave a boy."

A carriage was quickly called and the child was gently placed upon the cushions, while his new found friend and the doctor took the other seat, the latter watching the little, unconscious face, closely.

"He is a fine boy, whoever he belongs to," he said, as they moved swiftly along. "They are refined people, too, though evidently not rich, judging from his clothes."

"There is something about him that strongly attracts me," responded the gentleman; "and what a darling suite of a boy he is. He dashed out into the street without a moment's hesitation, and indeed, an instant would have been enough to have ended the life of the little girl."

The carriage stopped and the gentleman carried the boy in his arms into the house, a large, handsome mansion, where he was soon placed in a luxurious bed with everything necessary for his comfort. The doctor remained at his side for some time, using restoratives, but there seemed no change. Yet that the spirit had not left the body entirely was certain, though it made no sign for hours.

At last, towards morning, when all began to feel discouraged, he opened his eyes with a long drawn sigh and let their gaze wander slowly around until it fell again on the face of the gentleman. At once the same bright smile dawned and the pale lips moved. Bending over him the words, "You're my papa, for you look like a prince," reached their ears.

"What does the child mean?" asked the doctor.

"I do not know," the gentleman replied; "he has taken some fancy which will doubtless pass away as he gets better."

The boy had dropped away again, but this time into a quiet slumber. As the doctor was leaving the house he asked: "Don't you think Mr. ——" pausing a moment for the name.

"Blake," said the other, and the doctor went on. "Don't you think, Mr. Blake, something ought to be done to find the boy's people this morning? They must be very anxious."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Blake. "And yet would it not be better to wait a little while and see if he can not tell us about himself, and where to go? It would save a good deal of bother with curious people if he could."

The doctor assented, and went away, little dreaming that the man who had done what seemed only a kindly act, which he would be glad to terminate, had a curious shrinking from having the little fellow taken away from him. For he was a lonely man, having neither wife nor child to make his home happy.

When the child next awoke, he was better and stronger, but still too weak to talk much. He again called Mr. Blake "papa," and his eyes were full of content as the latter sat by his side and held the little hand in his, strangely moved by the boy's evident affection for him.

Several days passed away. Two or three times Mr. Blake had tried to question him about his family, but singularly enough he could not seem to answer. When asked his name, his little features worked with the effort to remember, and then he would give it up saying, "I don't know, I can't think, but you're my papa."

This seemed the one dominant idea, and he was restless and uneasy whenever Mr. Blake was out of his sight. As for the latter he found the boy growing into his heart with a force and power that he could not resist, and when he saw that the little fellow seemed to have lost his memory of the past a glad feeling took possession of him, even while he tried to put it away as unworthy. The doctor said such cases were not infrequent, where a sudden blow produced such an effect. The memory might return to him suddenly especially if he had some shock, or it might never do so, and yet his intellect be unclouded.

Of course, when they found that the boy could tell them nothing, an advertisement was put in the papers. This had only the effect of bringing the parents of the little girl he had rescued to see and to overwhelm him with thanks. Mr. Blake received them for him and sent them away until he should be better.

As the days went by and nobody appeared to claim him, the hope in Mr. Blake's heart grew stronger that there was no one to whom the boy was near and dear, and that he might remain with him always. He did not understand why the child called him so persistently "papa," but probably there was some resemblance to his father who might be, and probably was dead, and had left only a faint memory with his little one.

The days had merged into weeks when, one morning, the servant came into the room to tell Mr. Blake that some one was below who desired to see the master of the house or the child to whom an advertisement in the paper some time before referred. What he feared had happened. There was a brief, inward struggle, and then, in a calm voice, he ordered the visitor to be shown into the room where the boy sat in a little chair, looking over some picture books that had been given to him.

A moment later and a lady entered. Mr. Blake rose to receive her, but at the first glance his face grew deadly pale and he grasped his chair for support. She, however, did not seem to perceive him. Her eyes were fixed upon the child, towards whom she moved with swift steps, her face alight with joy.

"My boy, my boy, my darling child," she exclaimed, catching him in her arms and straining him to her heart.

Slowly he drew himself away from her, and her face blanched as she saw no look of recognition in his. For a moment—it seemed hours—he looked into her eyes now agonized with fear. At last his features began to work convulsively. He passed his little hand before his face, looked at her again, then a bright light overspread his countenance, and with a loud cry of "mama" he threw himself into her arms, while she kissed him again and again, uttering a fervent "thank God, thank God, I have found you at last."

Suddenly the boy started and looked around, exclaiming, "Mama, mama, here is papa! I have found him for you!"

Then she became conscious of the man who was standing there with a white face, watching her and the boy. For one moment she remained motionless, then with the cry of "Gilbert" answering to his earnest "Mary," she was enfolded in his arms, while the child stood delightedly looking from one to the other. He had indeed found the prince, his papa, and they were all united.

It was a long story that was to be told of a terrible mistake, a separation, a long away of the husband and father, then of long years of misery, of her agony when she missed her boy, of days of sickness before she could seek him—a story too long to be told here. All that we want to know is that the dear boy, through his forgetfulness of self, and through his courage, found for his mama what she most desired, and, though it was past the Christmas day, she always said that to him she owed the most beautiful Christmas gift in all the world.

OUR WONDER COLUMN

I.—WHAT ARE WE?

We belong to a family of birds, which is well known, and the members of which are great pets with human beings. We have long tails and great splendor of plumage. One of us is about the size of a common pigeon, of a green color, with a red collar, and lives in the East Indies. We have a very wonderful gift that pleases people, but which we will leave you to guess.

2.—CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

In jump, but not in leap;
In dust, but not in sweep;
In sun, but not in tree;
In him, but not in me;
In first, but in second;
In figure, but not in reckoned;
In decker, but not in pattens;
My whole is "The chief of all the gods of the ancients."

MABEL.

3.—CHARADE.

My *first* was created after the sun, moon and stars,
My *second* is worn by my first and every one.
My *

News of the Week.

☞ THE BLADE is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are of history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and, lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

CHILE.

CHILE COMES DOWN.

It Is Said That the Chilean Minister at Washington Has Been Ordered to Offer a Sincere Apology to Uncle Sam.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—A Valparaiso cablegram to the *Herald* runs thus:

I hear this evening that the Chilean government has cabled orders to Minister Pedro Montt at Washington to make a sincere apology to the United States for the unfortunate and deplorable attack upon the Baltimore's sailors on October 16. The apology, I am told, is unqualified in its character. Other matters which have been in dispute between Chile and the United States are to be speedily considered by the new administration.

From semi-official sources I learn that the reason why the Santiago police are kept in the vicinity of the American legation is that the intendente of the city is in daily receipt of letters containing threats to burn and sack the legation.

I am informed on the same authority that the government desires to have the police near at hand so as to prevent the execution of any such threats. It is no secret here that many of those who cherish ideas of war between the United States and Chile are friends of Balmaceda.

I learn that the German minister, Baron Gutzchmidt, offered the services of his country as mediator on his own personal responsibility. This is in line with his course of action ever since the present government came into office. He has pursued it with a view to getting up a reputation for himself as a diplomatist. He gave many years to Matta, late minister of foreign affairs, but has refrained from offering any advice to the new cabinet.

In the Event of War.

Should war be declared all the naval vessels available for operations in Chilean waters would probably rendezvous at some point in the South Atlantic and form a fleet that would proceed to Chile through the straits of Magellan. The Golden Rod and any other fast yachts that might be offered to the government would accompany this fleet as lookout boats and torpedo curisers. Though they would keep as far away as possible from the line of battle, and would not be expected to meet any armored vessel of the enemy, their duty would be none the less hazardous. All important missions, from harrassing the enemies commerce to the blowing up of a 1,000 ton battle ship under cover of the night, would be intrusted to the craft.

EXPECTATION ON TIP-TOE

In Regard to Chilean Developments—A Suggestion that an Ambassador be Sent to Solve the Problem.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—(Special.)—Expectation is on tip-toe in regard to Chilean developments to-day. For days a corps of writers have been closeted in a secret apartment at the State department transcribing the documents bearing on the Chilean matter, and it is expected they will be sent to Congress, perhaps to-day with a special message on the subject. One thing can be said with safety, that they will show that the President has conducted our side of the matter with becoming dignity and yet with remarkable forbearance.

It is suggested here that a possible solution of the problem may be found in sending Ex-Senator Edmunds, or some other statesmen of broad reputation and unquestioned integrity, as an ambassador to treat with the Chilean government, not alone for a settlement of the present troubles, but also for a general treaty of the highest order, since we have now only a commercial convention and no general treaty with Chile. It is believed that a step of this kind would not only show to Chile a disposition to deal with the utmost fairness, but might result favorably in many particulars. It is of the highest importance to the United States to have a coaling station in the extreme south, especially until there is a ship canal across the isthmus, and it is not impossible that in the event of a general treaty and adjustment of the present troubles, privileges of this sort might be obtained upon Chile's possessions at the extreme southern end of the continent, where her penal colony has grown into quite a population and outgrown its penal characteristics.

Taking on Supplies.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Jan. 4.—The crusier Charleston began taking on supplies of ammunition from the crusier San Francisco yesterday morning. The latter vessel displayed a red flag at the foretop mast-head when the transfer commenced.

The San Francisco began taking on supplies, the first item being 33,000 gallons of water. No order has been recieved yet, beyond requring the vessels to be ready for sea at a moment's notice.

ABOUT THE MATTA INCIDENT.

His Acrimonious Reply to President Harrison is Discountenanced.

NEW YORK, Dec. 4.—A Valparaiso cablegram to the *Herald* reads thus: I learn on reliable authority the following important facts regarding the answer by Senor Matta, at the time minister of foreign affairs, to President Harrison's message, and which was cabled to Chile's ministers in Europe and America as the provisional government's reply to the United States.

It appears that at a meeting of President Montt's old cabinet, called to discuss President Harrison's message, Minister Matta was authorized to reply to it. He wrote out the document and cabled it to the Chilean minister at Washington, Senor Montt, without ever having submitted it to President Montt or the other members of the cabinet.

In spite of this omission, Minister Matta, in sending a message to Minister Egan on the same subject, stated that the document was the official utterance of the Chilean government. He made a similar statement before the Senate.

When the truth was known it was then too late for President Montt or other members of the cabinet to disavow responsibility for the curt tone of the reply, and at the same time avoid giving offense just then to the Radical party, of which Senor Matta was the leader.

Now, however, the Radical party, as well as the leading members of Congress, are fully inclined to disavow and condemn the retired minister's words. The present ministry is preparing another document as a substitute for Senor Matta's undiplomatic letter. It is stated here that the German emperor will be proposed as an arbitrator in the Baltimore case, but that before this is acceded to by the United States an apology will be asked from the German minister, Herr Gutschmidt, for certain alleged undiplomatic proceedings on his part toward the American government's representatives.

The new Chilean cruiser, Presidente Errazuriz, went on her trial trip to-day. A number of government officials are aboard.

Mail Orderly Brady, of the Yorktown, who disappeared mysteriously after having been sent ashore on December 20, to pay a cable dispatch, and who, it was thought, might have been killed by persons inimical to Americans, has been heard from, and it turns out that there is a woman in the case. It is said that Brady and the woman have left Valparaiso for some unknown place.

Hurrying Work on Ordnance.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30.—(Special.)—Despite the repeated assurance of the Navy department that everything was peaceful it is learned to-day that orders have been telegraphed to all firms that have contracts for the manufacture of ordnance, by which it is expected to hurry forward the work now in progress.

The delay of President Montt in the formation of his cabinet is probably to bring definite action some days, but in the meantime no delay will be had in making preparations for the worst, whatever it may be.

GENERAL NEWS.

OHIO LEGISLATURE.

The Great Senatorial Conflict—Probable that Sherman will Succeed Himself Once More.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 5.—The greatest Senatorial contest that the Republicans of Ohio have ever known is practically at an end. Every political indication points to the nomination of John Sherman to-morrow, by a majority of 10 or 12 votes over J. B. Foraker, although of course this is not conceded by the friends of the latter.

Foraker's followers still declare that he has a chance to win, but the Sherman people consider their victory as already assured, and insist that the ex-governor is now maintaining an appearance of confidence in the sole hope of keeping his supporters together in order that he may go down with votes enough behind him to show how nearly he has come to defeating Sherman.

The press of Ohio this morning generally consider this contest at an end. The Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* says: "The magnificent fight that Foraker is making against every influence that can be brought to bear except that of popular sentiment has aroused the admiration of even his opponents, who never expected to have such a tussle. Secretary of State Ryan, who has taken an active part in the fight against Gov. Foraker, and has been the shrewdest and best adviser Senator Sherman has, had remarked that the ex-governor deserved to win the wonderful battle he had waged.

"When it is remembered that the Foraker cause has had to contend against every outside influence; has been under the necessity of fighting the most powerful elements in the state; has had no position to offer for a vote, the verdict must be that even in defeat, which is not probable, the ex-governor has made the most gallant fight on record in American politics."

HOUSE AND SENATE OFFICERS.

Who were Honored by the Republican Caucuses.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 4.—(Special.)—The officers of the House of Representatives elected on Saturday are as follows:

Speaker—LEWIS C. LAYLIN, of Huron.
Speaker pro tem—E. J. CLAPP, of Lake Geauga.
Chief Clerk—JOHN R. MALLOY, of Franklin.
Journal Clerk—GEORGE H. KOLKER, of Hamilton.
Messge Clerk—N. P. FOSTER, of Pike.
Engrossing Clerk—BENJAMIN F. ALLEN, of Hancock.
Enrolling Clerk—CLYDE D. WILLIAMS, of Paulding.
Recording Clerk—EMMA S. WHITNEY, of Cuyahoga.
Sergeant-at-Arms—ANDREW JACKSON, of Greene.
First Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms—W. S. BRASHEAR, of Muskingum.
Second Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms—GEO. P. SANFORD, of Washington.
Third Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms—FRED BLANKNER, of Columbus.

The officers of the Senate are:

President—GENERAL A. L. HARRIS, of Preble.
President pro tem—E. L. LAMPSON, of Ashtabula.
Chief Clerk—A. C. CAINE, of Franklin.
Journal Clerk—W. H. FULLER, of Fulton.
Message Clerk—ROSCOE J. MAUCK, of Gallia.
Engrossing Clerk—MISS INA S. TABER, of Wood.
Enrolling Clerk—JOHN H. CISCO, of Cuyahoga.
Recording Clerk—MISS CORA A. STYRON, of Licking.
Sergeant-at-Arms—R. F. HAYWARD, of Clark.
First Assistant—Z. EMERY, of Ashland.
Second Assistant—WALT S. COWEN, of Belmont.
Third Assistant—R. B. CRAWFORD, of Stark.

THE LEGISLATURE IS GRINDING

The House of Representatives and Senate Begin Business.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 4.—Promptly at 10 o'clock this morning Secretary of State Ryan assumed the speaker's chair in the House o Representatives, and with a resounding rap of his gavel said: "The House will be in order." The members were then called in front of the speaker's desk in groups of twelve, and the oath administered to them by Chief Justice Williams, of the Supreme court.

Ninety-six members only had answered to their names and been sworn in. The acting speaker having announced that the election of speaker was next in order, Mr. Taylor, of Champaign, nominated Mr. Laylin, of Huron, and Mr. Reiter, of Montgomery, nominated Mr. Price, of Hocking—Vinton.

A call of the rolls showed that 66 votes had been cast for Mr. Laylin and 31 for Mr. Price.

Upon assuming his seat, Mr. Laylin said:

FELLOW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES:—I desire to acknowledge my sincere appreciation of the high honor conferred by my election to the speakership of this body. I realize the responsible and arduous duties that will devolve upon me by virtue of that election. The measure of my success as your presiding officer, will depend chiefly upon your cordial co-operation. It will be my constant desire and earnest purpose to discharge the duties of the position with the utmost fairness and impartiality. The member on my left, as well as the member on the majority side of the chamber, will be alike recognized and aided in the performance of the trust committed to him by his constituents. Let us all be inspired by the same worthy purpose and earnest desire to promote the peace, happiness and welfare of the people of this great state.

Let me urge upon you the importance of enacting only necessary legislation. The member is not always the most useful whose measures are the most numerous. Too much legislation is more dangerous than too little legislation. There has been an alarming tendency of late toward local legislation, which ought to be discouraged. Especially is this true of that class of legislation conferring upon municipal, and other political subdivisions, powers in which the letter and spirit are in conflict with the provision of the state constitution. Let me urge what I trust all will approve, a careful consideration of the needs of all classes of our fellow citizens, and prompt and conscientious, active in the discharge of the public business, to the end that the honor, dignity and commanding influence of the commonwealth may be thereby maintained.

For speaker pro tem, the name of Mr. Clapp, of Lake-Geauga, was presented by Daugherty of Fayette. Mr. Clapp received 65 votes and Mr. Cunningham 31. Clapp's election was received with cheers, and calls for the speech which was not forthcoming.

In the Senate.

Lieutenant Governor Marquis called the Senate to order shortly after 10 o'clock this morning. The oath of office was administered by Judge Spear, of the Supreme bench. It was found that Senators Ohl, Parker and Stewart had no certificates of election never having received them from the clerks of the courts in their respective counties. Upon Senator Lampson's motion the Senate decided to accept the certificates of election of these three members which were on file in the office of the secretary of State.

George Iden, Republican from the 15th, 16th joint district, presented a certificate of election signed by two members of a board of elections. Dan Gaumer, the Democratic contestant for the Senate, presented a certificate signed by the clerk of courts of Muskingham. The matter was temporarily postponed, but soon afterward Senator Stewart moved that the whole question be referred to a committee composed of Senators Nichols, Carpenter, of Meigs, and Forbes will have to report at any time, Senator Van Cleaf wanted to refer the matter to the regular committee on privileges and elections. Senator Stewart's motion prevailed by a strict party vote.

Campbell's Message.

Governor Campbell's message to the General Assembly was very brief and is as follows: "To the Senate and General Assembly—The constitution makes it incumbent upon the governor to communicate his views annually to the General Assembly. As this function will doubtless be well and fully discharged upon one week from to-day by the incoming governor, the present incumbent confines himself to a renewal of such suggestions and recommendations as were made by him to the 69th General Assembly, and not acted upon by that body. Occasion is taken to congratulate the General Assembly and the people of Ohio upon the excellent condition of the benevolent, penal, reformatory and educational institutions of the state, and to the satisfactory exhibit made by the various public officers in their recent annual reports.

(Signed), JAMES E. CAMPBELL, Governor."

SENATOR PERKINS.

The Governor Takes All Day to Consider, and Then Appoints Hon. B. W. Perkins, a Son of Ohio.

TOPEKA, Kan., Jan. 2.—The fight is ended. The new year was ushered in most prosperously for Congressman Perkins. He has been appointed to the Senatorial chair made vacant by the death of Senator Plumb.

All day long the governor discussed the Senatorial situation with himself. The feeling was strong that ex-Congressman Perkins would receive the appointment, and when it became known that the governor had signed his commission as Senator from the state of Kansas, no one, either as citizen or as a politician, evinced any very considerable surprise. The commission was signed at 5:15 o'clock and was taken to Mr. Perkins, who was at the Copeland House.

The news spread rapidly throughout the city and in a brief time a large number of citizens gathered at the hotel, irrespective of party belief, and offered Mr. Perkins their congratulations. Nor were his former political contestants in the race for the appointment delinquent in their respects. They came from all portions of the town, for many of them had eaten New Year's dinner with friends in Topeka and they, too, offered their congratulations. Congratulatory telegrams came pouring in from all points of the county, East and West, all evening.

The appointment gives general satisfaction and will, it is thought, have the effect of solidifying the opposing factions in the Republican party in a phalanx that will present a solid frout to the enemy at the next election.

Bishop W. Perkins was born at Rochester, O., and was 59 years old October 18 last. He was educated in the public schools and a Knox college, Galesburg, Ill. After leaving college he went to Colorado, and on his return in 1862 enlisted in Company D, Eighty-third Illinois volunteer infantry. He served as sergeant and lieutenant, and in December, 1863, was appointed adjutant of the Sixteenth colored infantry. Later he was assigned to duty as captain of Company C of the same regiment. He served as judge advocate on the staff of Gen. Gillem and also in the same position on the staff of Gen. Steedman, was mustered out at Nashville in May, 1866, returned to Illinois and resumed the study of the law, reading with O. C. Gray at Ottawa.

After being admitted to the bar, in 1867, he located at Pierceton, Ind., where he remained until he came to Oswego, Kan., in April, 1869. The same year he was appointed county attorney, and the following year probate judge, which office he held until February, 1873, when he was elected judge of the Eleventh judicial district. He was re-elected in 1874 and 1878, and in November, 1882, was elected a member of Congress.

Mr. Perkins is a Republican, sincere in his conviction and aggressive in its expressions. He was a delegate to the Chicago convention in 1880. He was elected member of Congress from the Tenth district. He was re-elected for three successive terms, but he met defeat a year ago at the hands of the Farmers' alliance. He was editor and proprietor of the Oswego *Register* from the fall of the year 1871 until appointed district judge in 1873.

READY TO STRIKE.

Three Thousand Employes of the Elgin Watch Co. May Quit Work at Any Moment.

ELGIN, Ill., Jan. 4.—Three thousand operatives of the Elgin National Watch Co. stand ready to strike and only await the signal to quit work.

Several hundred skilled workmen in two departments walked out Saturday, and, unless all signs fail, the strike will become general. Nothing else was talked of last night. Groups of men met on every corner, despite the bitter cold, and discussed the situation.

Two weeks ago there were rumors that a general cut down was contemplated by the management. These rumors were verified on the pay day following, when the employees found their wages decreased from 15 to 10 per cent. The employes of the jewelry room at once quit work. These were then told by the officials that the reduction would be made up in the next pay roll, and that hereafter the old scale would be in force, but they are not satisfied with this promise, and the general sentiment expressed is that a strike is inevitable.

The assertion is also made that 2,800 employees of the Waltham Watch Co. are organized and about to strike on account of a recent reduction in their wages.

LABOR DISPUTE AT WEST SUPERIOR.

St. Paul Plasterers Driven Out of Town by a Mob.

ST. PAUL, Jan. 2.—Contractor James Cullen arrived from West Superior, last night, and says that the labor element of the town is in the control of union plasterers, and that he and his men taken from St. Paul a few days ago, were driven from the town, one of them being probably fatally injured. Cullen said:

"The labor element of West Superior made a big kick about my importing St. Paul workmen. I employed all Superior men except a half dozen finishers. The delegates who waited on me from the Superior plasters union boasted that they run the town. Everything went all right till just before the quitting time Wednesday evening. Then a crowd began to gather about the place. By 6 o'clock there were 300 of them there.

"The first of my men to leave the building was Fournier. He immediately knocked down with a billy and then kicked through the mob like a football. The others hung back except J. P. Jasper. Their leader yelled for a rope: 'Let's hang the ——' they kept calling. A couple of revolvers were in sight, though, and no one brought the rope.

"One man, acting as spokesman, said they must leave town at once for St. Paul. This was agreed to, and the crowd ran them down to the depot. Fournier is badly hurt, having a compound fracture of the skull. George Root, the manager of the Root Amamant company, telegraphed to Gov. Peck, of Wisconsin, asking for protection."

LA GRIPPE ATTACKS THE HORSES.

A Regular Epidemic of the Scourge Among San Francisco Equines.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 2.—La grippe, which has been prevalent here this winter, has begun to affect horses, and large numbers of them are sick with the disease. Infirmaries for animals are filled with sick horses. No large stables have as yet been seriously affected, the disease being most prevalent in the smaller stables of private individuals.

The appearance of the disease in horses is marked by a disinclination for food, rough coat and a feverish appetite for water later along, and finally swelling of the glands of the nose, throat and other respiratory organs. The disease seems to be confined to San Francisco and vicinity as no cases are reported from the interior of the state. Unless the disease is checked the swelling and accumulation of pus closes the tubes of the throat and suffocation ensues.

A PLAN TO PENSION MRS. DAVIS.

Prominent Ex-Confederates Organize to Help Their Chieftain's Widow.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Dec. 31.—At a meeting of prominent ex-Confederates in this city, yesterday afternoon, a resolution was adopted appointing a committee of five to present to the next General Assembly a bill appropriating the sum of $1,000 annually as a pension for the use of Mrs. Jefferson Davis. It was further resolved that a committee will correspond with the governors and other citizens of the Southern states requesting them to call the attention of their legislatures to this subject and recommend the passage of a like appropriation bill.

Dr. Graves Convicted.

DENVER, Colo., Jan. 4.—The jury in Graves-Barnaby murder case Saturday brought in a verdict convicting Dr. Graves of murder in the first degree. Sentence will be pronounced some time this week. It was rumored yesterday that Graves had confessed and implicated Ballou, claiming that the latter was responsible for his present predicament, but the rumor could not be authenticated.

Death of a Famous Scout.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—Captain Wm. M. Meeker, of Newark, N. J., a famous scout on the Blackwater during the War of the rebellion, and a body guard of Gen. B. F. Butler in this city at the time of the draft riots and the attempts to burn the city by Southern incendiaries, died on Thursday at the National Soldiers' home, Virginia, aged 48.

SENATOR HILL'S SCHEME.

He Will Oppose the Removal of Grant's Remains to Washington, In Order to Cut a Figure.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—Ex-Governor Hill will scarcely enter upon his legislative duties before he will be called upon to oppose the resolution providing for the removal of Gen. Grant's body to this city, says a Washington special.

It was thought when Senator Plumb died that the resolution would remain unacted upon, since none of the other members of the Senate seemed especially interested in it. It seems, however, that Senator Manderson, of Nebraska, has decided to father the resolution, which is now on the vice president's desk. When the Senate committee on Military Affairs meet this week Senator Manderson, who is a member of the committee, will ask his colleagues to make a favorable report on the resolution. All the members of the committee are men who occupied high military positions in the late war, either in the Union or Confederate armies, and all those gentlemen, it would appear, favor the removal.

Senator Manderson advances the same argument for the transfer of the old hero's body to this city that Senator Plumb did. He does not believe there will be any material opposition in the Senate, outside of what may be made by the two New York Senators.

In this belief he is somewhat mistaken. Senator Hiscock himself is favorable to the resolution and will no doubt vote for it. If he does not he will do no more than make a mild protest against it, for he has not hesitated to say that the sentiment of the whole country outside of New York city is favorable to the resolution, but Governor Hill will oppose it quite as vigorously as if it were the most important legislation with which the state is inentified. The contest between himself and Manderson, who will have charge of the resolution, will be watched with interest.

OUR TWO CRUISERS.

They Reach San Diego From the Northern Pacific Stations—Nothing Known of the Situation in Chile.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Jan. 2.—The cruisers San Francisco and Charleston are lying near each other in the harbor. Captain Remy has very little to say, and Admiral Brown says he has told all he can until after Congress re-assembles. Captain Remy says that since leaving here in July the Charleston has been at Japan, China and Honolulu, and on the return to this country encountered terrible high seas, which the cruiser stood splendidly, proving her seagoing qualities to be the very best.

"We know absolutely nothing about the Chilean situation," he said. "We were directed to come to San Diego when we left Honolulu to meet the San Francisco and take coal and ammunition. On Monday we will take coal and receive ammunition from the San Francisco and await further orders." Capt. Remy declined to say whether he thought there would be war with Chile or not, but it is evident that he regards the situation as serious.

Further than the foregoing no information can be elicited. It is evident in the opinion of several officers of both vessels that the government is taking precautionary measures and that San Diego is to considered a base of supplies. The cruiser Baltimore is expected Saturday or Sunday.

ELECTRICITY FOR FLOUR MILLS.

An Interesting Experiment Soon to be Tried at St. Paul.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Jan. 4.—An event of interest to manufacturers and scientists is to occur here within the next two months, viz: the erection of a great flour mill to be operated entirely by electricity. The structure is to be on the site of the St. Paul roller mill, burned two years ago, and it is to be under the direction of Kingsland Smith, of St. Paul.

If the experiment proves a success all of the great mills of St. Paul and Minneapolis, including those of Washburne's and the Pillsbury English syndicate, will use electricity as a motive power. The water of the Falls of the Mississippi is being used only for the generation of electricity.

NEBRASKA COMES TO THE FRONT.

A Train Load of Corn Being Secured for Russia's Hungry Peasants.

LINCOLN, Neb., Dec. 31.—Gov. Thayer and Labor Commissioner Luddon are actively at work in securing the proposed train load of corn to be sent to the famine sufferers of Russia, and from dozens of points in the state responses are coming to the proclamation of the governor. Mr. Luddon estimates that 200,000 pounds of breadstuffs will be donated by Nebraskans.

Gov. Thayer has received a letter from Gov. Merriam, of Minnesota, stating that the millers' organization there had raised 1,600,000 pounds of flour for Russian sufferers.

Great Barrel Works Burned.

BAYONNE, N. J., Dec. 31.—The great barrel works of the Standard Oil company at Constable Hook are burned down and the loss is estimated at from $1,000,000 upward. The fire started at 9:30 last night in the heading room of the barrel works. It was discovered by August Colrs, the night watchman. He said it seemed to spring up in all directions.

The factory was entirely destroyed. The building was filled with barrels, both completed and unfinished, there being hundreds of thousands of them. There were also great stacks of cut lumber ready to be converted into barrels. It is estimated that there were between one and two million barrel heads in the building and from ten to fifteen million barrel staves. The structure was about 350 feet long, 200 feet wide and three stories high.

The building stood in an enclosure of about six acres. Great stacks of lumber were piled all about. These caught fire and burned fiercely and soon there were five acres of flame lighting up the surrounding country.

The machinery in the burned building was most complete. There was a fine Corliss engine worth $50,000, and 48 other pieces of machinery, some of them having been put in in September last. This was very valuable, $150,000 being hardly sufficient to pay for it. It is difficult to get any of the officers of the company to place an estimate upon the loss. They say it will amount to from $1,000,000 to $1,500,000. The company carries its own insurance.

Fatal Fire at Nashville.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Jan. 4.—At 5:40 Saturday evening the most disastrous fire that Nashville has had since 1881 broke out in Webb Stevenson & Co.'s store on College street. A strong wind was blowing from the northwest, and, although the firemen were promptly on hand, they could do practically nothing. The fire was confined to this store for nearly an hour, and gradually found its way into the adjoining store, occupied by A. G. Rhoads & Co., and then into Atwell & Speed's.

At this time the wind changed and the fire started in another direction. Weakley & Warren's seven story furniture store north of Webb Stevenson & Co. was soon a mass of flames. The members of the colored fire company were standing across an alley on a three story building of the Phillips & Buttorff Manufacturing company, when Weakley & Warren's building suddenly bulged out in the center and fell across the alley. Three firemen, all colored, were caught under the falling building and instantly crushed to death.

About this time the wind changed again and the flames swept back towards the Noel block and a vacant building adjoining Atwell & Speed's was soon burned. The Noel block then caught fire and was soon a mass of ruins. The total loss will approximate $500,000.

Too Fat for a Hearse.

BALTIMORE, Md., Jan. 4.—John Dietel, who was known to dime museum visitors as "the fattest man in America," has been placed in a vault here. Services were conducted by Rev. N. Burkart at the home of the dead man's mother. The coffin was five feet six inches long, 35½ inches wide and 27 inches in depth. At the time of his death, in Cincinnati, he weighed about 420 pounds. It required the strength of ten men to bear the coffin from the wagon to the vault. No hearse large enough to carry the coffin could be secured, and so the remains were taken to the cemetery in one of the wagons of the undertaker.

MEXICO.

THE REVOLUTIONISTS.

They Have Plenty of Funds, and the Indications Are That the Movement Will Prove Serious to President Diaz.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—The *Herald* has the following specials from San Antonio and Laredo:

Startling developments in regard to the Garza revolution are coming in. The head and front of the whole matter is coming to light. The papers found in the saddle-bags of Pablo Munzo, one of the captured revolutionists, throws a great deal of light on the situation. It proves conclusively that what was foreshadowed four days ago is true, and that is that the clerical party is furnishing the money with which the campaign is being conducted.

In all the forays made by Garza he has not stolen or plundered the smallest article. On the other hand, he has paid cash at top prices for what he has needed. Where all this money was coming from has been puzzling the American and Mexican authorities. It is now ascertained that Montes de Oca, bishop of Monterey, is the financial agent of the clerical party in supplying Garza with funds.

Secret officers have traced packages going by express and papers found in Garza's camp confirm the fact. Summed up, it is this: Bishop Montes de Oca and the Iturbide are virtually one, and they hate Diaz, and so does Garza. They furnish the money, and Garza does the work. There is not a word of speculation in this. It is cold, naked fact. So far as Garza attempting any trouble on this side is concerned it is veriest nonsense. When he attacked the United States troops under Captain Bourke it was under necessity. His camp was surprised at night and he opened fire and fled. So it has been all along, the sole ambition of the Garza revolutionists is to get across the river.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Jan. 4.—The spirit of the revolutionists is best shown by the following pronunciamento (translated from Spanish to English), which, within the last 24 hours, has been given wide but surreptitious circulation:

FELLOW CITIZENS—As Mexicans we must not remain any longer as single spectators before the revolutionary movement initiated by the frontier warrior, C. B. Garza, because besides basing his revolution on the holy principle of democracy, and proclaiming thereby the liberty of the people, he has demonstrated that his political ideas rest on the pillar of the rights of the people. Who that is worthy of being a Mexican that does not love the freedom of his country? Is the Mexican the most miserable type in America?

No; a thousand times no. Bear in mind that we have an example given us on different occasions that the Mexicans was born to shed blood on the field of battle before submitting to the yoke of slavery; that the revolution is founded on a great precedent and has a great prestige: that cannot be denied because it has managed to establish an order unknown to other internecine revolutions. He has also managed to reproach with facts and not fallacies the publications of the subsidized press. To conclude, he has established in the midst of political conventions the most successful call to arms in the northern frontier and the most systematic insurrectionary movement of modern times.

To arms, Mexicans.

Seek in the pages of the modern history of our native state Tamaulipas the names and public life in these last years of Gen. Sernando Condes Garza, and you will find in it that patriot the prototype of democracy, the mute and eloquent hero. Where are those citizens of Tamaulipas who uphold the principles of a brave frontiersman? Now is the time to follow.

At Least 2,000 Revolutionists.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Jan. 2.—J. R. Harbig, a prominent man who is well acquainted in the lower counties of Texas, arrived here last night from an overland trip along the left bank of the Rio Grande, through the stronghold of the revolutionists. He states there is great excitement among the Mexicans and American populace, and that in his opinion, from what he saw, Garza had no less than 2,000 active followers, scattered at various points along the Texas border.

He states the revolutionists are all magnificently armed with repeating rifles of the latest pattern, and side arms. They are paid $1 per day, and given good supplies. The ranchmen who have come in contact with Garza, within the last three weeks, all state that he is abundantly supplied with money, and compels them either furnish cattle for beef, and receive pay for the animals, or take the alternative of having them taken by force.

"ANNEXATION."

So Says Henry Labouchere, and He Ought to Know—A Hard Rap at the United States—Pension Bureau.

LONDON, Dec. 30.—*Truth*, Henry Labouchere's paper, to-day publishes an article on Canada's future, drawn out by the troubles in the Province of Quebec, which resulted in the ousting from office of Mr. Mercier, the prime minister of Quebec and the members of his cabinet.

Truth says that "It is the manifest destiny of the Dominion to become a new United States or become attached to the great republic. The change is inevitable and the sooner it occurs the better. The emancipation of the grotesque Dominion and its absorption in the United States would be a benefit to the Canadians and also to Great Britain. Such a course would relieve Great Britain of the necessity of engaging in trans-Atlantic squabbles in which she has no concern. It would moreover give the Canadians energy and enterprise which no mere colonists can possess. The only sufferers would be the Indians who would be transferred to the mercies of what is probably the most corrupt and rascally institution on the earth—the Washington Indian Bureau."

The paper further says "that Canada once free, Australia would soon follow. Indeed, it is quite possible that Australia will be the first to sever the bonds by which she is attached to Great Britain. The talk of Australian loyalty to the British crown is all buncombe."

England and Canada.

LONDON, Jan. 5.—The *Chronicle* in an editorial this morning says: "A more effective method of realizing Sir Charles Tupper's aspirations would be unrestricted reciprocity between England and Canada. We do not expect that Sir Charles will agree with us when we affirm that it would be better for Canada to establish free trade both with America and ourselves; but it is of the highest importance to preserve friendly relations with America."

Germany Asks an Explanation.

LONDON, Jan. 5.—The Berlin correspondent of the *Chronicle* says that Germany, in a confidential note to Austria, complains of the Hungarian minister of commerce having entered into secret arrangements with certain Hungarian companies amounting to an infringement of the zollverein. Germany asks for an explanation of this action of the minister and demands that the arrangements mentioned be rescinded.

Work of the Red Cross Society.

BERLIN, Jan. 5.—Countess Tolstoi has written to a friend in Munich describing the famine in Russia and the methods she adopts to relieve the starving people. She says that the only real relieving society is the Red Cross, for which her sons collect money to buy grain and other necessities, while her daughters make visits from house to house and invite the destitute to the free soup kitchens.

Chadonine Can't Go Back.

LONDON, Jan. 5.—The statement that the Belgarian government has politely declined to rescind the decree expelling the French journalist Chadonine from Bulgaria, is confirmed. The *Standard's* Paris correspondent says: It is officially denied that M. Ribot, the French foreign minister, has sent a note imputing bad faith in Bulgaria. There is reason to believe that the matter will be arranged amicably.

Manpassant Attempts Suicide.

PARIS, Jan. 4.—M. Henry Albert Guy de Maupassant, the well-known French author, who is seeking at Cannes to recover from the nervous disorders from which he is suffering and which are due to overwork, attempted suicide last Friday night, but the attempt was unsuccessful.

FOREIGN NEWS.

DUBLIN CASTLE

Shaken by an Explosion Thought to Have Been Engineered by the "Physical Force" Party.

DUBLIN, Dec. 31.—A decided sensation was caused in this city to-day by an ill defined rumor that the "Physical Force" party had resumed operations here and that their first attempt had been made against Dublin Castle, the official residence of the earl of Zetland, viceroy of Ireland. The rumor was found to be based on fact.

It is known that the explosion occurred in the cellar, and the damage is far greater than first supposed. In fact it is now definitely established that the damage to the castle is very heavy. The ceilings of the two floors above the cellar were blown to pieces, the heavy beams in some places being torn into small pieces. The furniture in the office beneath the privy council chamber was completely smashed and destroyed.

PRESS ON THE DUBLIN EXPLOSION.

An Effort to Make Political Capital of It by the Tories.

LONDON, Jan. 1.—The *Globe*, which for more than 60 years supported the Liberal party, but which since 1886 has been a staunch Conservative organ, to day says that the explosion yesterday at Dublin castle was undoubtedly of malicious origin. Possibly Ford, Sullivan and company deem it necessary to stimulate the generosity of the American-Irish in behalf of the cause. There are men in the United States, the *Globe* declares, who would not think twice of blowing up Dublin castle, if that appeared to be the most likely means of filling their pockets with dollars.

The *Globe* adds that the authorities should take all these facts into consideration and should not be in a hurry to attribute the outrage to a lunatic. There are many professional dynamiters in the United States, it says, who would jump at the chance of a lucrative job.

The St. James *Gazette*, which is an independent supporter of the Conservative party, also has an article this evening on the Dublin explosion. It says that although there is no doubt that O'Donovan Rossa will assume the credit of instigating the explosion, it seems unlikely that the affair was the result of a political plot.

The Dublin *Express* (independent Conservative) commenting upon yesterday's explosion in Dublin castle, admits that it is impossible to attribute political motives to the affair. Not long ago, the *Express* says, an explosion would have been a good investment, and would have brought dollars from America, but since that time that style of political warfare has ceased to pay. The persons who were formerly engaged in dynamite politics have of recent years found their occupation gone.

The *National Press*, the organ of the McCarthyites, says it does not think the explosion can be attributed to an accident. It was undoubtedly the disgraceful and cawardly act of some blackguard, for which it would be unjust to hold the Irish people responsible. There is no doubt, the paper says, that the Tories will try to make political capital out of the explosion. They would be very willing to sacrifice a few panes of glass from the castle windows for the sake of being furnished with an argument against granting home rule to Ireland.

British American Shipping.

HALIFAX, N. S., Jan. 2.—The shipping of Nova Scotia shows a decrease of nine vessels and 741 tons during the past year. There are now on the registers of the province 2,775 vessels of 402,304 tons. In New Brunswick there is a decrease in tonnage of 15,059 tons, but a decrease in the number of vessels of only one. In Prince Edward's Island there has been a decrease of 36 vessels and 2,330 tons. The total number of vessels now registered in the maritime provinces is 3,930 of 680,054 tons.

Assuming a Reddish Hue.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—The following important and interesting news concerning affairs in Samoa has been received by a man in this city from a friend in Apia. The situation here is beginning to assume a decidedly reddish hue for blood will soon flow as a result of fighting between the natives, which is almost on the point of breaking out.

A Ten Weeks' Siege.

VIENNA, Dec. 30.—A letter is published here describing the ten weeks' siege of Yemen by Arabs. The town was under bombardment daily, while a terrible famine prevailed in Yemen. Every person venturing out of the town to attempt to procure food was driven back naked, with nose and ears cut off or otherwise mutilated, the insurgent chief declaring that he would convert the Yemen Jews to Islamism or extirpate them. When the Turks relieved the city a general butchery of prisoners occurred on both sides.

To Establish Factories in America.

LONDON, Dec. 30.—Gen. Graham, presiding at a meeting of the Maxim-Nordenfeldt Gun company yesterday, announced the company's intention to establish factories in the United States the directors sent to inquire having reported favorably on the company's prospects of obtaining orders.

MACEE'S EMULSION

No other proprietary medicine has the endorsement of Physicians to the same extent.

None is used in Hospital practice with so large a percentage of satisfactory results.

No other remedy has cured so many cases of

CONSUMPTION

and other Pulmonary Diseases.

SCROFULA

is entirely eradicated from the system by its use.

It is as easy to take as Maple Syrup or Honey, and can be retained by the most delicate stomachs without nausea.

IF YOU have a Cold, Cough, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, or a generally run-down system, you can regain health and strength quickly by the use of

MAGEE'S EMULSION

Ask your Druggist for it, and take only that labeled

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MEN ONLY REMEDY FREE

Prompt Relief—Lasting Cure. I will send (sealed free) to any sufferer, prescription to enlarge small, weak parts and speedily cure Lost Manhood, Emissions, Nervousness and Impotency. Address, Prof. CHAS. E. GAUS, Box 10 Marshall, Mich.

OUR CLUB LIST.

We have arranged to Club THE BLADE with either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage prepaid):

WEEKLIES.	Their Price.	With BLADE.
Harper's Bazar	$4 00	$4 20
Harper's Weekly	4 00	4 20
Scientific American	3

WASHINGTON.

FINANCES OF THE GOVERNMENT.

Recapitulation of the Public Debt Statement for the Month of December.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 4.—The following is a recapitulation of the debt statement just issued:

INTEREST BEARING DEBT.

	Dec. 31, '91.	Nov. 30, '91.
Bonds at 4½ continued at 2 per cent	25,364,500	25,364,500
Bonds at 4 per cent	559,574,000	559,573,650
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	88,470	88,720
Totals	$ 585,026,970	$585,026,870
Increase		100
Debt on which interest has ceased since maturity	4,633,340	5,279,770
Decrease		646,430
Debt bearing no interest	386,321,636	387,433,346
Decrease		1,111,710
Aggregate of interest and non-interest bearing debt	975,981,946	977,739,986
Decrease		1,758,040
Certificates and treasury notes offset by an equal amount of cash in the treasury	517,143,259	569,221,706
Increase		7,021,650
Aggregate of debt, including certificates and treasury notes	$1,553,125,205	$1,546,961,695

CASH IN THE TREASURY.

Gold coin	$ 106,634,061	
Bars	82,212,689	
	$278,846,750	
Silver dollars	$349,217,519	
Subsidiary coin	15,789,324	
Bars	53,962,469	
	$ 416,976,342	
Paper:		
Legal tender notes (old issue)	$ 12,913,684	
Treasury notes of 1890	2,031,045	
Gold certificates	17,472,720	
Silver certificates	9,954,750	
Currency certificates	200,000	
National bank notes	4,651,153	
	$ 41,223,332	
Other bonds, interest and coupons paid, awaiting reimbursement	$ 96,665	
Minor coin and fractional currency	319,660	
Deposits in national bank depositories, general account	15,437,669	
Disbursing officers' balances	4,400,014	
Total	$ 20,254,008	
Aggregate		$ 757,300,432

DEMAND LIABILITIES.

Gold certificates	$ 105,578,839	
Silver certificates	324,772,318	
Currency certificates	9,465,000	
Treasury notes of 1890	77,327,102	
		$ 577,143,259
Fund for redemption of uncurrent national bank notes	$ 5,936,720	
Outstanding checks and drafts	4,277,761	
Disbursing officers' balances	27,813,470	
Agency accounts, etc	7,555,094	
		$ 45,583,045
Gold reserve	$ 100,000,000	
Net cash balance	34,574,128	
Aggregate		$ 757,300,432
Cash balance in the treasury Oct. 31, 1891		139,126,917
Cash balance in the treasury, Nov. 30, 1891		134,574,128
Decrease during the month		$ 4,552,789

SENATOR PERKINS.

He is Unalterably Opposed to the Free Coinage of Silver and is Satisfied With the New Tariff Law.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—(Special.)—The appointment of Perkins as Senator to succeed Plumb, gives great satisfaction to Republicans. Perkins's record on silver and tariff is fully in line with the party, and he can be relied upon to work inside party lines and policy on all questions which may arise. The appointment correspondingly depresses the silver people, who see the ground slipping from beneath their feet in the Senate. There is no probability of Perkins supporting free coinage or any measure to repeal the present silver laws.

The silver people in the Senate now see the Democrats in that body are likely to divide on the subject. Hill's expression on the subject, and Stewart's open letter already opened the breach which is believed will widen and make it impossible to pass any free coinage bill through the Senate. Perkins can be relied on to co-operate with the Republican Senate against the passage of any small house bills for additions to the free list.

This is a very important gain for Republicans, as Plumb would certainly have supported some of these bills. It is believed now that no measure making any change in the McKinley tariff can pass the Senate.

AN UNTIMELY DEATH

Seems To Be Lying in Wait for Mr. David B. Hill's Incipient Boom for the Presidency.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—(Special.)—Senator Hill's wabble on the silver question in his Albany speech seems to have lost him all the ground he gained by his Elmira speech. Southern and Western men who were enthusiastic for him after his Elmira speech are now greatly dissatisfied, and intimate that they prefer ex-President Cleveland, whose attitude on all the important point has always been clearly stated.

President Livingston, of the Georgia Alliance, who was a few days ago believed to be trying to control the Alliance for Hill, says Hill's Elmira speech has put him in a bad light with the South and West, and nobody who is not straight out for free coinage can get a show of support from that section. This sentiment is beginning to be heard among the Southern and Western Democrats generally, and it is very evident that the effect will be extremely depressing on Hill's incipient boom that was in progress in those sections a week ago.

GOV. M'KINLEY TO MR. BLAINE.

A Self-explanatory Letter Regarding the Duty on Hides.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30.—The following letter will explain itself:

CANTON, O., Dec. 19, 1891.

MY DEAR MR. BLAINE—Your letter of the 4th inst., inclosing Hon. George Halsey's letter, is at hand.

Mr. Halsey must have misunderstood me. I could not have told him that you favored a duty on hides, for at some time in the course of the consideration of the tariff bill you wrote me an earnest letter protesting against taking hides from the free list and placing them upon the dutiable list.

I return you Mr. Halsey's letter, and will be glad if you will send him mine.

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM MCKINLEY, JR.

Hon. James G. Blaine, Washington, D. C.

CLEVELAND'S FRIENDS FEEL SORE.

Hill's Victory Means That He Will Control New York Next Year.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31.—(Special.)—Cleveland's friends here are nearly as blue as Republicans over the result of the New York elections. They admit the effect will be to greatly increase Hill's grip on the machine in New York, and believe the result will be a big majority of Hill's delegates from New York to the national convention, which they feel would make Cleveland's nomination quite impracticable.

Mills Leaves for Texas.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—(Special.)—Congressman Mills quietly left for Texas today, directing the hotel people to say nothing about his departure. It is understood the object of his trip is to make a senatorial fight, as he finds his chances much endangered by Culbertson's candidacy. It is rumored that the Crisp people will hold a caucus in his absence and try to shape up a programme for winter work, which they prefer to do without his presence.

MORE RECIPROCITY.

Arrangements Entered Into Between Secretary Blaine and the British Minister For Colonial Trade.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30.—A reciprocity arrangement has been entered into between Secretary Blaine and the British minister to embrace the British West Indian colonies of Jamaica, Barbadoes, the Leeward and Windward Islands except Grenada, Trinidad and the colony of British Guiana. It is expected that the arrangements will go into operation as to the West Indian colonies named on February 1 next, and as to British Guiana, March 31, next.

The following are the principal articles to be admitted free of all duty and any other national, colonial or municipal charges:

Animals alive, beef, beef and pork preserved in cans, printed matter in all languages, bottles of glass or stoneware, bran, middlings and shorts, carts, wagons, cars and barrows, not including vehicles of pleasure; cotton seed and its products, eggs, fertilizers of all kinds, natural and artificial; fish, fresh or on ice, and salmon and oysters in cans; fruits and vegetables, fresh and dried, when not canned, tinned or bottled; gold and silver coin of the United States and bullion; hay and straw for forage; ice, India rubber and gutta percha goods, implements, utensils and tools for agriculture, lime to all kinds, all materials and appliances for railways and tramways; paper of all kinds for printing and wrapping; photographic apparatus and chemicals; all accessories for printing; quicksilver, resin, tar, pitch and turpentine; salt; sewing machines; ship building materials, including wire rope; starch of Indian corn or maize; steam and power engines; steam boilers and steam pipes; sulphur; tanbark; electrical apparatus and appliances of all kinds for communication or illumination; trees, plants, vines, and seeds and grains of all kinds for propagation or cultivation; wire for fences; proprietary medicines.

The following affects Jamaica only:

Coal and coke, sugar, refined: wire for fences, for appliances for fastening the same, zinc, tin and lead in sheets.

It is understood that the packages or coverings in which the articles named in the foregoing schedule are imported shall be free of duty if they are usual and proper for the purpose.

Schedule B—Articles to be admitted at 50 per cent reduction of the duty designated in the customs tariff now in force: 1, bacon and bacon hams; 2, bread and biscuit; 3, butter; 4, cheese; 5, lard and its compounds.

Lumber of pitch pine, in rough or prepared for buildings, to be reduced to 9 shillings per 1,000 feet.

Schedule C—Articles to be admitted at 25 per cent reduction of the duty designated in the customs tariff now in force: 1. Beef, salted or pickled; 2. Corn and Maize; 3. Corn meal; 4. Oats; 5. Petroleum and its products, crude or refined; 6. Pork, salted or pickled; 7. Wheat.

A NOTABLE WEDDING.

Miss Rachael Sherman, Daughter of the late General Sherman, Marries Dr. Paul Thorndike.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30.—(Special.)—War talk was laid aside to-day and the President, Cabinet and representatives of the army and navy joined in the most brilliant social event of the season, the marriage of Miss Rachael Sherman, daughter of the late Gen. Sherman, to Dr. Paul Thorndike, of Boston.

The marriage took place at high noon at the residence of Senator Sherman, and was attended by the President, Vice President and members of the Cabinet with their families, Gen. Miles and other distinguished army officers, members of the House and Senate and others prominent in the social world. The groomsmen were Alan Johnston, secretary of the British legation; Dr. Augustus Thorndike, P. Tecumseh Sherman, Ward Sharon and Wm. Thorndike. The bride's only attendant was her little 9 year-old niece, Elizabeth Thackera. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Thomas Sherman, a brother of the bride.

The bride was escorted to the altar by Senator Sherman. She wore an elegant toilet of white satin and lace, and members of the Sherman family, for the first time since his death, laid aside mourning garments and aided in making the occasion one of unalloyed happiness. Presents were numerous and beautiful, including appropriate gifts from President and Mrs. Harrison, members of the Cabinet and many friends in New York, St. Louis and Boston, as well as from members of Congress and high officials of the army and navy.

NEW YORK POLITICS.

The Outlook for Republicans is a Gloomy One as Viewed by Colonel Nat McKay.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30.—(Special.)—Republicans are very blue to-day over the decision in New York by which the Democrats obtain control of both branches of the legislature. What is to be the effect of the decision, your correspondent asked of Col. Nat McKay, an active New York Republican. "It means," he replied, "we will never have another Republican Senator from New York for a hundred years. They have full control of every part of the state machinery, now and will gerrymander the state so they will forever continue to control the legislature and everything else.

"Have they power to do this," undoubtedly, if they lack power to do anything they desire they have only to go to the courts and get it. They have everything in their own hands, and power to fix it so as to keep their control indefinitely, and yesterday's decisions are final "Yes," there is no higher resort.

THE QUESTION OF FREE WOOL.

Springer Will Ask the Ways and Means Committee to Act at Once.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—(Special.)—Chairman Springer will call the Ways and Means committee together as soon as the House meets this week, and ask it to prepare a bill placing wool on the free list. This is to be reported to the House probably by the end of the week, and an effort will be made to rush it through there as rapidly as possible. It is quite likely that the Mills people will demand a halt, however, by signing a call for a caucus, when the fun will begin.

The Republicans are quite willing to see a fight made on free wool, as the only section where Democrats expect to gain Republican votes in the Senate is in New England, and Republicans are confident New England Senators will stand firm upon party lines and thus probably put an end to Springer's small bill scheme in the first round.

SECRETARY ELKINS BEGINS WORK.

President Harrison Will Make an Aggressive Fight for Renomination.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30.—(Special.)—Secretary Elkins assumed the duties of secretary of War and political adviser to the President this morning. With Elkins and Foster in his political family Harrison has a strong team of political workers and those who suppose he is going to sit quietly by and permit Blaine delegations to be set up all over the country are quite mistaken. There is much greater activity in the way of preparations for strong Harrison support in the convention than is generally supposed, and it is now apparent that the campaign to be made by Harrison's friends, from the present moment, will be an aggressive one.

Significant Shipments of Powder.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31.—Within the past two days 45,000 pounds of brown powder and 22,000 pounds of gun cotton have been forwarded from the East to San Francisco. The brown powder is intended for the great naval guns, and the gun cotton for shells and torpedoes. Beyond these facts there is nothing to be learned at the departments this morning concerning war preparations. The Charleston and Baltimore which are en route to this country from Honolulu and Callao, respectively, have not been heard from recently, but they are expected to touch at some port in telegraphic communication with Washington within a few days.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

At the White House—Baron Fava to Return to Washington—The Foreign Legations Aiding in the Chile Matter.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1.—(Special.)—War talk is laid aside for to-day. Everybody joined in the celebration of the new year, and all the business houses are closed. A long line of statesmen is now journeying through the White House, shaking the President's hand. The Chilean minister is a prominent figure at the White House, and his wish for "many happy returns of the New Year, with cordial relations between Chile and the United States," was expressed. The foreign ministers are exerting themselves to try and bring about an understanding, the British minister and others being specially active in advising Senor Montt to urge a conciliatory course.

Yesterday's telegrams from the Chilean minister of foreign affairs lead to the belief that the new government will take proper action relative to the Baltimore affair; but it is believed it may insist on the surrender of those persons now enjoying the right of asylum in our legation to the proper authorities, with reasonable assurances of their protection from other than proper legal action.

It is reported here that Baron Fava, recently recalled by the Italian government, will shortly arrive here and resume his relations, the Italian government having found its bluff game unsuccessful. No official statement can be had, but there is good reason to believe the report true. The Marquis Imperiali, the Italian representative, is cordially received at the White House to-day. Secretary Blaine entertained the diplomats at a breakfast at noon to-day, at his residence. Montt and Imperiali were prominent among the number.

A LIST OF NOMINATIONS

Sent to the Senate by President Harrison this Morning—Plums for Two Ohio Men.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—The President to-day sent to the Senate the following nominations: Interstate commerce commissioners—James W. McDill, of Iowa, vice Thomas M. Cooley, resigned; Wm. H. Lindsey, Kentucky, vice W. L. Bragg, deceased; Wm. R. Morrison, of Illinois, (a re-appointment).

Fourth Assistant Postmaster General—Estes G. Rathbone, of Ohio.

Wm. B. Hess, U. S. consul-general, at Constantinople.

Wm. D. McCoy, of Indiana, minister resident and consul general to Liberia.

Andrew P. McCormick, of Texas, United States Circuit judge for the Fifth judicial circuit.

Matthew T. Allen, United States attorney for the Southern district of California.

Abraham J. Seay, governor of the territory of Oklahoma.

Daniel A. Ray, of Illinois, principal clerk of Surveys, General Land Office.

Daniel T. Hindman, agent for the Indians of the Sisseton Agency, South Dakota.

Chief Engineer George W. Mellville, United States engineer-in-chief and chief of the bureau of steam engineering, with the relative rank of commodore.

United States consuls—Campbell L. Maxwell, of Ohio, at Santo Domingo; Charles Veare, of Iowa, at Aix-la-Chapelle; David S. Rook, of Oregon, at Sonneberg; Elias H. Cheeney, of New Hampshire, at Matanzas; James Leitch, of Louisiana, at Belize.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE MASSACRE OF CUSTER

Is Now Alleged to have Been Brought About by His Disobedience of Explicit Orders.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 5.—In his memorial sermon at the funeral of Maj.-Gen. Alfred H. Terry, Rev. Theo. T. Munger, pastor of the United church, this city, referred to the massacre of Gen Custer's command in June, 1876. He said: Custer's fatal movement was in direct violation of both verbal and written orders. When his rashness and disobedience ended in the total destruction of his command, Gen. Terry withheld the fact of the disobeyed orders, and suffered an imputation hurtful to his own military reputation rather than subject a brave but indiscreet subordinate to the charge of disobedience.

In the January number of the *Century*, James B. Fry, in commenting on Dr. Munger's remarks quoted above, says: "When called to account for the accusation which he made against one dead soldier at the Christian burial of another, Dr. Munger gave Col. R. P. Hughes, of the United States army, a brother-in-law of Gen. Terry and for a long time his aide, as authority for his defamatory assertion. Col. Hughes denies having authorized Dr. Munger to make the statement, though he admits th at he was the source of the doctor's information.

Rev. Dr. Munger to-day, speaking of Gen. Frye's criticism, said: "Prior to the funeral Col. Hughes, in conversation about Gen. Terry and of his connection with the ill-fated Indian wars, said that Custer had disobeyed both written and verbal orders. He (Hughes) had listened to the verbal orders and knew what they were. Col. Hughes, however, did not state to me the nature of the orders. He simply stated that Custer had disobeyed orders; Col. Hughes stated that he had several times urged Gen. Terry to tell the whole story of the affair, as it was due him that the whole affair should be cleared up. Terry replied that he did not care to disclose the facts, as he living, could stand it better than Custer, who was dead. Col. Hughes suggested that in my remarks I should refer to the statement as it was. That is the reason I did so. That is all there is to it so far as I am concerned."

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

A Grandson of the Blucher of Waterloo Fame Has an Unpleasant Matrimonial Experience.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—Count Ferdinand Franz Gebhard Lebrecht von Blucher, of Germany, a grandson of the Blucher of Waterloo fame, is heartily tired of his American matrimonial experiences. His career as a husband was brief, sensational and unsatisfactory. About six weeks ago the count was married to Miss Alma Loeb, a daughter of Phillip Loeb, of No. 501 Lafayette avenue, Brooklyn. The marriage took place in Milwaukee, where Miss Loeb had a married sister, Mrs. Fichtenbren, whom she was visiting. The count is now in this city trying to get a divorce, and according to his story the marriage took place under very peculiar circumstances only three days after he met Miss Loeb. The count says he was sitting in Miss Loeb's room at 8 o'clock in the evening when her relatives rushed in, declaring that he must marry her in order to save her name. They went out and returned with a Methodist minister, who performed the ceremony.

In the morning following the nuptial night, the count declares that his wife was kidnapped and returned to her home in Brooklyn. The count's father, who is Prince Blucher von Waldestott, on hearing of the marriage immediately cut down the count's allowance to $150 per month, and informed him that no American girl would be accepted as a fit wife for one who bore the name of Blucher.

Count Blucher came on to Brooklyn and had an interview with Father-in-law Loeb. Mr. Loeb was inclined to favor his entitled son-in-law, but learning of his changed financial condition and that Prince Blucher threatened to stop even the allowance of $150 per month, he very promptly turned his aristocratic son-in-law out of the house. The count was in despair and again wrote his father asking for funds. Silence was the only answer until recently when Prince Blucher cabled Count Ferdinand to at once obtain a divorce and return to his native land, but not to do so until he could come without a wife.

Died of Hiccough.

SOUTH BETHLEHEM, Pa., Jan. 2.—Charles Heft, a prominent citizen of Freemansburg, has died of strangulated hernia or aggravated hiccoughing, aged 56 years. He hiccoughed for eleven days. The case was an extraordinary one and attracted much attention among medical men throughout the Lehigh valley.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Exposed by the Death of a Boy at Burlington, Ia., who might Have Been Saved.

CHICAGO, Dec. 31.—A Burlington, Iowa, special says: A deplorable state of affairs has been brought to light by the death of Clarence Lay, the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Lay, of this city. The boy had been ill four weeks, and all that time was under the exclusive care of a local healer of the Christian science craze. The mother and other members of the family are strong believers in the delusion, and although the boy was growing plainly worse they refused to allow a reputable physician to attend him.

Last Sunday parties who wished to save the boy's life sought City Health Officer Barnes but the law gave him no right to interfere. The city attorney was consulted with a like result. About an hour before the boy's death a physician was hastily called. He could do nothing and has refused to sign a death certificate. This will compel a coroner's investigation. County Attorney Tracy intends to push the matter.

FIVE KILLED

And Many Injured in a Collision Between Two Passenger Trains on the Wabash Road.

CHICAGO, Jan. 5.—Officials of the Wabash road here have received intelligence that two passenger trains on that line, one going west from Toledo, the other coming east from Kansas City, came in collision early this morning at Alladdin, Ills., two miles east of Hannibal, Mo., causing a disastrous and fatal wreck. Engineers Wilson and Bonchard, of the two trains, were killed, as were three Italian immigrants who were in the smoker, and a number of passengers were wounded.

The account received does not give the number hurt or their names. The wounded have been taken to Moberly, Mo. The cause of the wreck is not known, but it is stated that the trains were running through a heavy fog at the time.

NEW YORK ART CIRCLES EXCITED.

A Searching Investigation is to be Made for Smuggled Paintings.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—Art circles are excited just now because of the novel method of inquiry for smuggled paintings. The customs authorities, acting under instructions from Secretary Foster, was making a thorough canvass of the collections of big art dealers and collectors and asking the date of importation and amount of duty paid on imported masterpieces. The vast number of these treasures that have been smuggled into the country, have surprised the inspectors. The investigation is not confined to New York, but all the art centers of the country are under surveillance.

The agents are still looking for Col. Gross, who, it is believed, originally imported the "Lion in Ambush" and "Aux Armes," the two paintings which started the investigation. The agents have not obtained sufficient evidence yet, they say, to make a public statement.

THE MOVEMENTS OF GOV. M'KINLEY.

He Will Probably go to Columbus Friday Morning.

CANTON, O., Jan. 5.—(Special.)—Governor-elect McKinley is making arrangements for his removal to Columbus, and will probably leave Canton Friday morning. He has completed the work on his inaugural address, which will be quite lengthy and will cover a number of topics. He is in good health and ready to take up his new duties.

Miss Ida McKinley, of San Francisco, niece of the governor-elect, is in the city and will spend the winter with the family at the Chittenden in Columbus. Mrs. McKinley has returned from New York to prepare for removal.

SHOT HIS FOUR-YEAR-OLD SISTER.

Terrible Deed of a Young Son of Isaac Irick, of Lima.

LIMA, O., Jan. 5.—(Special.)—The seven-year-old son of Isaac Irick, a Marion township farmer, shot and instantly killed his four-year-old sister this morning.

The boy picked up a loaded rifle and discharged its contents into her groin, killing her instantly. It is supposed that, like a great many older people, he "didn't know it was loaded," and innocently thought to frighten her.

EIGHT MEN KILLED IN A FIGHT.

A Quarrel Over the Card Table Has a Sanguinary Ending.

CHICAGO, Jan. 5.—A Macon, Ga., special says that eight men were killed in a general fight at Brights & Williams's turpentine still, in Clinch county, Saturday. The fight started with a quarrel between two of the men named Ed Williams and John Parker over alleged cheating in a game of cards. Parker began the shooting. Bot he and Williams were killed.

Mayor Grant and the Fair.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—Mayor Grant in his annual message to-day speaks of the Columbian exposition as follows: "The Columbian exposition or World's Fair, to be held in Chicago next year, appeals to the patriotism and to the business interests of the people of New York. Though we still regret the loss to this city of the World's Fair, we have a substantial interest in its success in the city selected to be its theatre."

The Nez Perces Want to Return Home.

SPOKANE FALLS, Wash., Jan. 5.—Chief Joseph, of the Nez Perces Indians; his nephew, young Chief Long Hair, a Umatilla Indian, and Moses Minthorn, an educated Christian Indian, accompanied by Agent Crawford, of the Umatilla reservation in eastern Oregon, are expected to leave for Chicago and Washington to-day. Joseph goes to Washington to plead with the Indian authorities to allow him to return with his people to his old home in the Blue mountains of eastern Oregon.

Acts of Violence by Strikers.

CHICAGO, Jan. 5.—A special from San Antonio, Texas, says that the first acts of destruction and violence on the part of the San Antonio & Arkansas railroad strikers, were committed last night at Yoakum, Tex., where the division shops are located. The night watchman at the round house there was held up by the mob of strikers, who then proceeded to dismantle fifteen engines and do other damage.

An American Fined in Ireland.

QUEENSTOWN, Jan. 5.—Thomas Ryan, a United States army pensioner, a passenger on the Etruria, who was arrested here Saturday morning last as soon as the steamer arrived from New York, has been fined £2 and costs. The charge upon which he was arrested was the conpeal of a loaded revolver and ammunition for the weapon.

Gov. Bulkley's Demurrer Sustained.

HARTFORD, Conn., Jan. 5.—The Supreme court unanimously sustains demurrer of Gov. Bulkley. Judge Carpenter dissents from his opinion, but agrees in conclusion.

Phylloxera Eradicated.

MELBOURNE, Jan. 4.—The phylloxera board reports that the disease has been eradicated throughout Victoria.

EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, disfiguring, humiliating, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczemas, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous or hereditary, is speedily, permanently and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA the great SKIN CURE, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from infancy to age attest their wonderful, unfailing, and incomparable efficacy.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Muscular Weakness relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 30c

THE NEW SILVER COIN.

A Box Containing $50 Worth is Sent to the Director of the Mint From Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—The director of the mint yesterday received a box containing $50 worth of the new silver coins, half dollars, quarters and dimes, and he was immediately besieged by applicants for sample sets. One set he sent to the President, and several others were distributed among friends; the others were disposed of at their market value.

These new coins are being made out of the silver contained in the uncurrent coins stored in the treasury. There was $28,000,000 worth of this money, at face value, at the beginning of 1891, and this has been reduced gradually until there is now but $13,000,000 on hand. Half a million was taken to Philadelphia recently for the purpose of turning out the new coins. It was melted up at once, and it was found, when the resulting bars were weighed, that there had been a loss by abrasion of $3,000, or a little over 1 per ce t. This was a surprise to the officers of the treasury, who expected that there would be at least 7 per cent loss.

The difference between the face value of the coin and the actual value has to be paid to the treasurer in order to balance his accounts, and this constitutes the cost of the new coinage.

Mr. Leech, director of the mint, made the following statement to-day in regard to the arrangement said to have been completed between Germany and Austria-Hungary to demonetize the silver coins known as the vereins thalers:

"All the Austrian union thalers are now in Germany, and are considered national coins in the empire. In fact, all the verein (union) thalers are now in Germany, and the amount is variously stated at from 400,000,000 to 500,000,000 marks. The Austrian verein thalers which it is proposed to melt down are embraced in this amount. They are variously estimated at from 15,000,000 to 90,000,000 marks, that is from $18,000,000 to $23,000,000. From the dispatch, it would seem that Austria-Hungary had decided to buy those silver coins and melt them into bars, for the reason that silver florins are quoted below their value on 'change.'"

IN THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

Democrats Elected to the Offices in Both Senate and House.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 5.—Both branches of the legislature assembled at 11 o'clock. The Senate, after the usual formalities, proceeded to the election of officers, and those chosen by the Democratic caucus were duly elected. Edwards, the Independent, voted with the Democrats. No effort at obstruction was made by the Republicans. The question of seating Walker, the Democrat for the Twenty-seventh Senatorial district, then came up, and he was declared entitled to his seat, and was at once sworn in.

The assembly was quietly organized and the officers nominated by the Democratic caucus elected. Committees were then appointed by both branches and notified the governor that the legislature was organized and ready to receive any communication he had to make. He at once sent in his message and it was at once read.

DEMOCRATIC CLUBS ASSOCIATION.

Call for a Meeting of the Executive Committee on January 20.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—The following call for a meeting of the executive committee of the National association of Democratic clubs was issued this morning:

Dear Sir:—There will be a meeting of the executive committee of the National association of Democratic clubs held on Wednesday, the 20th of January, at the rooms of the association, in the Washington Loan & Trust building, Washington, D. C., at 2 o'clock. It is very desirable that every member be present at this meeting, either in person or by proxy. Yours respectfully,

WILLIAM L. WILSON,
Chairman of Executive Committee.

A FEELING OF ALARM AT TEHERAN.

Several Rioters Killed in Front of the Czar's Palace.

TEHERAN, Jan. 5.—The priests continue to interdict the use of tobacco monopoly regarding exports as well as interior trade. They also clamor for the expulsion of the members of the tobacco corporation. Yesterday a riotous mob assembled at the Shah's palace to demand satisfaction. The shah's son, who is minister of war, failed to pacify the mob, and a detachment of troops was then ordered to disperse the rioters. Several persons were killed in the encounter. The feeling of alarm has not yet subsided.

A Financial Break at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Jan. 5.—A morning paper says: In the face of the statistical situation and the rates at other money centers on unusually heavy surplus and a light borrowing demand, the banks of Chicago have held interest rates steady at six per cent for many months. Yesterday, however, there was a break in the ranks and a number of institutions, particularly those who do not enjoy any considerable amount of board of Trade patronage, were loaning money at as low as five per cent.

Michigan Republicans Aroused.

CHICAGO, Jan. 5.—A Washington dispatch says: Michigan Republicans are fully determined to have the constitutionality of the Minor law tested in the Supreme court of the United States. They have had a careful examination made of the precedents regarding the choice of electors, and several ways have been found by which the case may be appealed to the highest court in the land. The leading contention will probably be on the choice of electors at large.

Charged With Embezzlement.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 5.—George T. McConnell, treasurer of the Modern Building and Loan association, and a well-known notary public and real estate agent, was arrested yesterday on a charge of embezzlement preferred by Dr. R. M. Sands, a director in the concern. The shortage is said to be $10,000. McConnell is in jail.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF EVENTS.

Sugar making is progressing finely in Cuba, with very favorable weather.

The Augusta, Ga., Exchange is discussing measures to reduce the acreage of cotton.

A relief committee for the aid of Russia's starving peasants, has been organized in Paris.

James Cooper, proprietor of the Adam Forepaugh shows, died at Philadelphia on January 1.

Jay Gould has received a letter demanding that he either pay a certain crank $10,000 or forfeit his life.

A private dispatch from London is to the effect that Emin Pasha has discovered the source of the Nile.

The Pennsylvania railroad has offered to transport to the seaboard, free of charge, all flour, etc., donated to starving peasantry in Russia.

Fourteen firms in St. Petersburg have announced their intention of sending exhibits to the World's Columbian exhibition at Chicago.

John H. Lingeman, the man who went to Cornelius Vanderbilt's house on Saturday night, and wanted his brains, has been adjudged insane.

On account of the recent heavy fire losses in Boston, Mass., the board of underwriters of that city has voted to increase the insurance rates in the city.

The new Spanish tariff doubles the duties on coals and petroleum and augments from 50 to 150 per cent the duties on cotton, woolen, linen and silk goods.

The Paris *Temps* says that the government is on the eve of concluding a convention with the United States for a partial application of the minimum tariff.

S. D. McEnery, the Democratic nominee for governor of Louisiana, says in his letter of acceptance that he is opposed to lotteries as a means of raising revenues.

An arrangement is in progress between England and Portugal which, if successfully carried out, will go far to settle the difficulties between the two countries in East Africa.

The registration just closed throughout Rhode Island shows an increase over 1890 of over 7,000, or about 25 per cent, the majority of which new voters are claimed by the Democrats.

Gov. Russell, of Massachusetts, has issued an appeal to the people of that state in aid of the famine sufferers in Russia, and has appointed a committee, with Bishop Phillips Brooks at its head, to receive contributions.

A prominent Eastern manufacturing firm has offered $5,000 for the best poem or song, to be read or sung at the opening ceremonies of the World's Fair, the prize to be awarded by a committee to be selected by the commission.

Ex Congressman Thomas B. Ward died at Plainfield, Ind., at an early hour New Year's morning. Mr. Ward several months ago returned from Dwight, where he had taken the bi-chloride treatment. About two weeks ago he became despondent and resumed his old habits.

AGAIN AT VARIANCE.

Premier Abbott and Chapleau Can't Agree, and Indications Point to a Compromising Crisis.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—An Ottawa special says: The Hon. J. A. Chapleau is again, and this time most determinably, at variance with Premier Abbott. Not long since, he demanded a more important office than the one he now holds, that of secretary of State, and that he should be leader of the French conservatives in the House of Commons. Those terms were acceded to, though his new office was not decided on, and peace was restored to the cabinet.

Chapleau, who has absented himself for some time from Ottawa, had, it now appears, taken umbrage at the course Lieut. Gov. Angiers has pursued, and demands that Angiers shall on no account be taken into the Dominion cabinet, as was recently suggested; that Sir Adolphe Caron, minister of militia, shall be dismissed, and that he, Chapleau, shall be given the portfolio of railways and canals. Unless these terms are agreed to by Monday next, when the nomination for Richelieu county takes place, he threatened to nominate Mr. Tache for that constituency in opposition to Mr. Morgan, the government candidate, and prove to the premier that Chapleau is stronger in Quebec than the government, even at the risk of both candidates being defeated and a Liberal elected.

This crisis is considered a very grave one for Premier Abbott's position, unless, as on former occasions, Chapleau proves weak-kneed.

The Pope All Right.

ROME, Jan. 1.—Some surprise has been occasioned here by the receipt of cable dispatches from Montreal and other places in Canada and the United States anxiously inquiring as to the truth of a rumor in circulation in that part of the world that the Pope had been assassinated. It is unknown here how the rumor originated for it certainly had no basis in truth. The Pope is enjoying his usual health and no attempt whatever has been made to assassinate him or to inflict any injury upon him.

Snow in Paris.

PARIS, Jan. 5.—For the first time this winter snow is falling in this city. The snowfall is welcomed by many, but to the general public it is an unmitigated nuisance, and this feeling of disgust is added to by the fact that hundreds of people who are in the habit of using cabs are now compelled to walk, owing to the strike of cabmen, which was inaugurated yesterday.

Highbinders Renew Their Feuds.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 5.—After a fortnight's truce the Chinese highbinders have renewed their feuds by the murder of a Chinaman in Cum Cook alley. The name of the murderer and his victim are now unknown. If any of the Chinese witnessed the crime none will give aid in regard to it. The Chinaman shot belonged to the Duey Ong Tong, a highbinder's gang.

English War Vessels in a Bad Way.

LONDON, Jan. 5.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that seventeen British war ship are furnished with a certain class of boilers which are unable to generate steam sufficient for the vessels to attain the speed with which they are credited. To make the changes necessary will involve an outlay of $500,000.

Urging Southampton's Claims.

LONDON, Jan. 5.—A deputation from the Southampton chamber of commerce has waited upon Sir Charles Tupper, the Canadian high commissioner to England, for the purpose of urging upon him the claims of Southampton to be the port of departure in England for the steamers of the proposed Anglo-Canadian mail service. After listening to the views of the deputation, Sir Charles promised to consider their statements and arguments.

England and the Porte.

LONDON, Jan. 5.—The *Times* correspondent at Constantinople says: "The sultan, recognizing the importance of England's interests in England, is inclined to arrive at an agreement by a direct interchange of views without interference from outside parties, but without losing sight of the treaty rights of other powers."

Death of Joseph Ogle.

BELLEVILLE, Ill., Jan. 5.—Joseph Ogle, a descendant of Samuel Ogle, who was Maryland's governor in 1773, and of Joseph Ogle, an officer in the Revolutionary war, is dead. He was 83 years old, and was one of the wealthiest men in Belleville.

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

MONEY.—The most remarkable fact of the closing week of the old year was that money was so plentiful. The preparations for the payment of interest and dividends generally make a very tight money market during the closing days of the year. This time it was entirely exceptional in this respect. The offerings were more than could find employment, both on call and on time. If there is any section in the West or South not fully supplied just now with currency, it can no longer be because there is not enough to go around.

The extreme rates on call loans for the week were 5 and 2 per cent, averaging 2½, at which and 3 per cent renewals were made. Time contracts were less active because of the large offerings of money and a lighter demand. Offerings were liberal from almost every quarter, and lenders were less exacting as regards the character of the collateral, stipulating only that it should be good Stock Exchange security; quotations were 3 per cent for 30 days, 3½ to 4 for sixty days, 4 per cent for 90 days and 4½ for four to five months.

While money was easy here, it